The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The March Bookman will be a Henry James Number, and will contain a special article on Henry James by Dixon Scott. Other important articles in that Number include "Gray's Letters," by Professor Saintsbury; "Doctor Macgregor," by C. W. Boyd; "Writ in Water," by A. E. Waite; "Napoleon," by Walford D. Green; "Philosophy at the Cross-Roads," by M. P. Willcocks; "The Chinese Republic," by Philip W. Sergeant; "Samuel Butler's Note-Books," by A. St. John Adcock; "Japan and the Japanese," by Clive Holland; "Some Recent Poets," by Edward Thomas; "The Windham Papers," by Walter Sichel; "Cobbett," by F. E. Green, etc.

Charles Reade.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT: TWENTY-ONE GUINEAS PRIZE POEM COMPETITION.

The Prize that we have been offering in The Bookman every month for some time past for the best original Lyric has produced, on the whole, such very satisfactory results that we have decided to offer in competition Special Prizes amounting to Twenty-five Guineas divided as follows:

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original Lyric.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original sonnet on Shakespeare, Milton, Chaucer, Keats, Shelley, Burns, Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Wellington, Nelson, Gladstone, Disraeli, Darwin, or any other famous Englishman.

A First Prize of Five Guineas and a Second Prize of Two Guineas will be given for the best and second best original humorous poem in not more than forty lines.

All Poems should be addressed to the Editor, and should reach

Mr. F. E. Green,
whose new book "The Tyranny of the Country Side" (Fisher Unwin) is reviewed on page 274.

the offices of THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C., not later than the first post on the 2nd June next, if sent from any part of the British Isles, and by the 1st July if from the Colonies, India, or elsewhere abroad. Envelopes should be marked Twenty-one Guineas Competition.

The name and address of the competitor must be written on each MS., and will be published in the event of a Prize being awarded to him. Any competitor who wishes to do so may add a pseudonym, to be used instead of his own name if his poem is printed but does not receive a prize.

The awards will be announced in THE BOOKMAN for August next, and in addition to the winning poems a large selection of the best of the other poems sent in will be published in a special Supplement to that Number.

Photo by J. Russell & Sons. **Miss Mary Openshaw.**

A "regular student of THE BOOKMAN, and an earnest admirer of Lord Morley," writing in hearty appreciation of our January Number, adds: "May I ask you to make, through the medium of your columns, the suggestion that the leisure of the evening of Lord Morley's life be devoted to the preparation of a final, authoritative and complete edition of his works."

Mr. Seppings Wright.

Everyone who read that brilliant novel "According to the Evidence," must have foreseen that its author, Mr. Oliver Onions, would have to write a sequel to it, and in "The Debit Account," which Mr. Martin Secker has just published, he has done so.

Messrs. Ouseley are publishing this spring a new novel entitled "Little Grey Girl," by Miss Mary

Mrs. Mackirdy
(Olive Christian Malvery).

Openshaw. The story is of the latter years and fall of the Second French Empire, a love romance running through the terrible days of the siege of Paris to a pleasant ending in rural England. Miss Openshaw's earlier stories, notably "The Loser Pays," and "The Cross of Honour," have met with exceptional popularity both in England and America.

Mr. Seppings Wright, the well-known correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, whose "Two Years Under the Crescent" will be published in March by Messrs. Nisbet, has been in Tripoli and Thrace for the last two years, and has seen as much of Turkey's two recent wars as any of the many correspondents who are writing about them. His book, illustrated by himself, will be looked for with especial interest.

Two other important War books are Mr. Ellis Ashmead Bartlett's "The War in Thrace," which Mr. Heinemann is publishing, and Major Lionel James's "With the Conquered Turk," which Messrs. Nelson have in hand. Maj. James was *The Times* correspondent in the Balkans, and made his reputation in literature with that brilliant record of the Boer War, "On the Heels of De Wet."

Miss C. A. Benton,
whose first novel, "The Sword," has just been published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

"Queen Tara," a play by Mr. Darell Figgis, which is to be produced on the 25th February at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, will be published this month by Messrs. Dent.

As Olive Christian Malvery, Mrs. Archibald Mackirdy won renown as a journalist some few years ago. She has since done good work as a writer of fiction, and has become well known as the founder of several Homes for friendless women and girls, and as the author of "The Soul Market" and other

Mrs. Alys Lowth,
whose clever travel book, "Doreen Coasting" was recently published by Messrs. Longman.

books on social questions which have had a wide vogue. Before she married, Mrs. Mackirdy was known as an author of charming little stories and songs, and as a reciter and singer she toured extensively, and appeared before large audiences in both the Old and the New World. Latterly she has done excellent work in the crusade against the White Slave Traffic, and her book "The White Slave Market" went through twelve editions within a few weeks. Amongst all these activities she has found time to return to the writing of fiction, and has now completed a love story which she is calling "Love's Soldier." It will be published this spring by Messrs. Cassell.

Mrs. Caulfeild (K. M. Edge), whose new novel, "Through the Cloudy Porch" (Murray), is reviewed by Mr. G. S. Layard in this number of THE

Photo by Monteath, Melbourne. **Mr. Donald MacLean.**

Mr. J. Cuming Walters,
whose new book "The Complete Mystery of Edwin Drood" (Chapman & Hall) was reviewed in last month's *Bookman*.

BOOKMAN, is the daughter of the Right Honourable Sir John Edge, P.C., formerly Chief Justice of the North West Provinces of India, and wife of Major C. T. Caulfeild, R.H.A., now commanding a H.A. Brigade at Ipswich. Mrs. Caulfeild has lived for many years in India, and has travelled extensively in Kashmir, Italy and South Africa. She began her literary career by contributing to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and has published three other successful novels. She is a good amateur actress; a non-militant, but enthusiastic, member of the N.U.W.S.S.; the mother of two children, about the education of whom she has her own very definite ideas; a good platform speaker, and withal, a lover of wild and open spaces.

We are to have a Life of John Greenleaf Whittier, by Mrs. King Lewis, from Messrs. Headley Brothers.

Photo by Mrs. Thompson. **Mrs. Caulfeild**
(K. M. Edge.)

Mrs. Lewis is a daughter of the late Dr. Stoughton, whose biography she wrote some years ago. She is known, too, as the author of an admirable biography of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, the Prisoners' Friend, which is now in its third edition.

Mr. Donald MacLean, whose successful novel, "John Scarlett," was published last autumn by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, is an Australian, born in Victoria between thirty and forty years ago. Family misfortunes sent him "cruising amongst the isles of circumstance" when he was only twelve years old. He knocked about the Colony getting an education as best he could, and in due course became successively a bush missionary, a "navvy parson," and a city minister. A few years back he had a very bad

Photo by G. C. Beresford. **Miss Annesley Kenealy.**

nervous breakdown and went to rest at that Lorne of which Kipling writes in his song of the flowers

> "gathered where the Irskine leaps
> Down the road to Lorne,"

and it was whilst there that he first began to write "John Scarlett," that being the outcome of the "navvy parson" days when he lived amongst the navvies pretty much as he has described John Scarlett's life in the book.

"The Two Carnations," a new novel by Miss Marjorie Bowen, is to be published this spring by Messrs. Cassell. It is a story of the French Revolution, with a heroine who finds herself at the beginning of the great struggle in a French prison, from which, after some stirring adventures, the hero rescues her. Miss Bowen's real name is Miss Gabrielle Margaret Vere Campbell, and she inherits her literary gifts from her mother, Mrs. Vere Campbell, who is also a well-known novelist.

Mr. Stanley Paul is starting a new series of novels dealing exclusively with the Woman's Suffrage Movement and the various questions affecting women which are involved in it. The first volume in this "Votes for Women" series is "The Poodle-Woman" by Miss Annesley Kenealy. It is a story of how a woman's talents and faculties are repressed and her happiness destroyed by a man who takes advantage of the power conferred on husbands by the laws of marriage and divorce. Miss Annesley is a daughter of the celebrated Dr. Kenealy, counsel for the Tichborne claimant; she has done good work as a journalist on the *Morning Post, Daily Graphic, Daily Mail* and other papers, and is on the Committee of the Woman Writers' Suffrage League.

On every hand one is glad to see signs of a re-awakening interest in poetry. The Poetry Society has become a flourishing institution; a Poet's Club has been firmly established; there are at least four magazines devoted almost entirely to the publication of poetry, and now we have a Poetry Book-shop mainly given over to the sale of it. For this latter development we are indebted to the enthusiasm and enterprise of Mr. Harold Monro, himself a poet of considerable promise. The shop is at 35, Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, Bloomsbury: an old Georgian building, in a somewhat drab, obscure neighbourhood, not wholly in the busy world nor quite

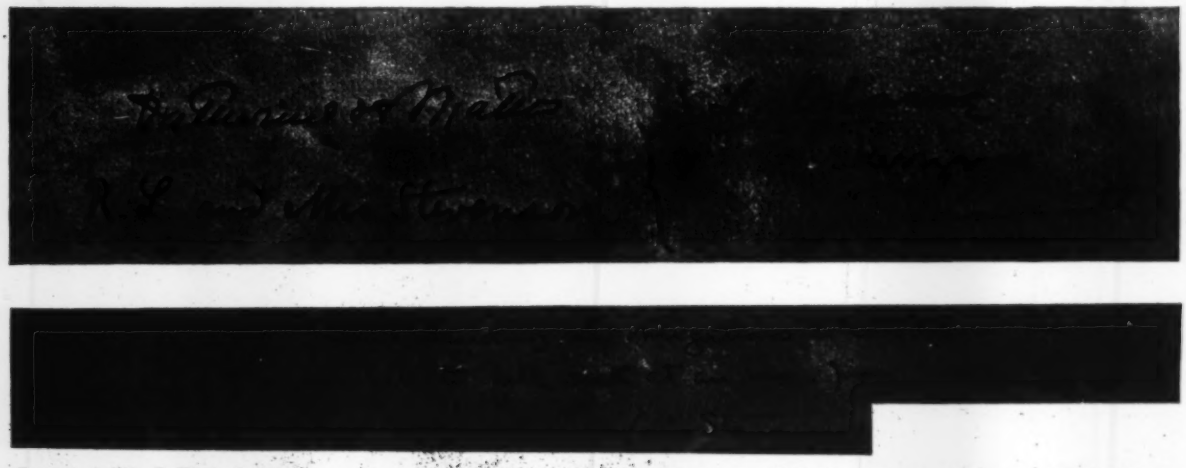
The Poetry Bookshop.

beyond it; which is as it should be, for the true place of poetry is where the people live, and not in those roaring centres of commerce where they make their money. The shop was formally opened on the 7th January, when a large and distinguished audience gathered to listen to an admirable address by Mr. Henry Newbolt. The rooms above the shop are reserved, one as a lecture hall, and the rest for living purposes. Three of them are to be let furnished to literary workers. A good and growing stock of poetry, largely modern volumes, is displayed in the shop; conferences, meetings, and discussions will be held there every Tuesday and Thursday, and some of the most prominent of living poets have promised to be present at these and to take part in the proceedings; but the shop will, of course, be open every other day of the week as well—one can hardly say for business, because Mr. Monro is making a pleasure of it, and the more visitors he has the better he is pleased. It is the duty of every lover of poetry to make a point of calling upon him and encouraging him in an interesting undertaking that may also prove to be a very useful one.

Mr. Maurice Drake.

Mr. Maurice Drake, whose important folio on English Glass Painting has just been published by Mr. Werner Laurie, has made an interesting discovery concerning Robert Louis Stevenson. He noticed, in reading the "Vailima Letters," that in 1885 Stevenson had been ill, and was in that year staying at Exeter. Mr. Drake wrote to Sir Sidney Colvin, and Sir Sidney was able to trace that Stevenson had lived for some time in Exeter at the New London Hotel. On searching the hotel visitors' book Mr. Drake discovered, between September 9th and 14th, the entry in R.L.S.'s handwriting which we reproduce in facsimile. Plans of the three floors of the hotel were sent to Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, who was with Stevenson at Exeter, and the room was identified as No. 16 on the first floor. Mr. Drake designed a panel of stained-glass, and this has now been placed in the window with an inscription commemorating R.L.S.'s visit.

For much assistance with the Charles Reade illustrations in this Number we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. C. W. F. Goss, the Chief Librarian of the Bishopsgate Institute, to Messrs. W. Collins, Sons & Co.; and in particular to Messrs. Chatto and Windus, publishers of the complete copyright edition of Reade's works.



By courtesy of Mr. T Werner Laurie

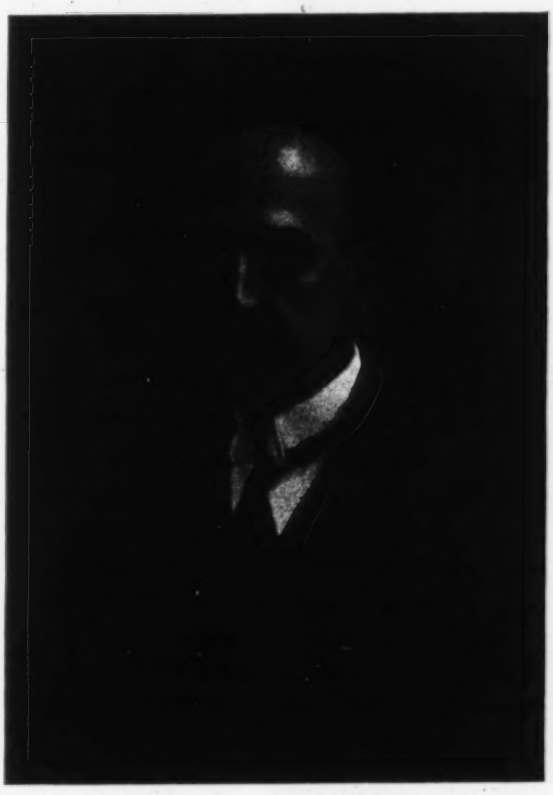
Entry in R.L.S.'s Handwriting in the Visitor's Book at the New London Hotel, Exeter.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MAURICE BARING.

MR. MAURICE BARING is a poet and a playwright with a peculiar charm and distinction; he is, moreover, a traveller whose illuminating insight has not only unfolded the meaning of Russia to us, but a world of culture derived from many literatures.

When we read "Diminutive Dramas," and "Dead Letters" we looked upon Mr. Baring as a whimsical dilettante, with something of the spirit of Ariel in his nature, playing with the foibles of letters as a sort of recreation from more arduous tasks; a satirical spectator of the mask of life saturated with the classics, who could turn an epigram with the precision of Oscar Wilde and caricature a type with the urbane humour of Mr. Max Beerbohm. Comparison with Mr. Max Beerbohm seems inevitable when one discusses Mr. Baring as a parodist. But although "Max" catches to the life the speech and gesture of the subjects whom he parodies he does not give us the fine exuberant flavour, and the boisterous mirth that we find in the best examples of Mr. Baring's treatment of the parody. The author of the "Diminutive Dramas" touches the border line of farce, and the compound is a very agreeable one. A comparison of this sort is of course bound to be invidious. We would not for the world under-estimate the inimitable "Max" even in favour of so agreeable an author as Mr. Maurice Baring. How well the author of the "Diminutive Dramas" has caught the delicate art of farcical portraiture will be seen in the delightful skit entitled "The Member for Literature," in which the urbane "Max" himself is inimitably parodied with all his quips and quiddities to perfection, and we feel sorry somehow that he was not elected in the burlesque competition. If you wish to know what Mr. Maurice Maeterlinck looks like in the garb of travesty turn to "The Blue Harlequin," where the parody is so exuberant that it hovers on the border of the burlesque. This, of course, is only one side of his talent. In order to understand and appreciate Mr. Maurice Baring as an author, we must take him at a larger valuation. There are many facets to his genius—so many indeed as almost to dazzle and bewilder the plodding critic. The "Diminutive Dramas" was only the prelude to the more brilliant performance to be found in the trilogy of plays contained in "The Grey Stocking." The "Dead Letters" in the same fanciful vein seem to have been thrown off with careless ease as a sort of surcease from the more serious and specialised work dealing with the vast problem of Russia. But although Mr. Baring has found his true *métier* in the artistic interpretation of Russian life and character, we confess to a lurking predilection for those brilliant and amusing skits, and hope that he may be induced to take up the idea at a future period and give us another series in the same vein. They are unique of their kind, and if Mr. Baring had never written another line, these two books would have been sufficient to have given him a permanent claim to distinction.



Mr. Maurice Baring.

The career of Mr. Maurice Baring has been a particularly brilliant and successful one; and one, we may add, that seldom falls to the lot of the average man of letters. Mr. Baring, who is the fourth son of the first Lord Revelstoke, was born in 1874, and was educated at Eton and Cambridge. He then entered the diplomatic corps, where he spent seven years, his duties taking him to Paris, Copenhagen and Rome. He found a wider and probably a more congenial sphere for his activities, when he became war correspondent for the *Morning Post* in Manchuria, where he wrote those brilliant and impressionistic letters from the front that were later embodied in "With the Russians in Manchuria." He then became special correspondent for the *Morning Post* in Russia. In the year 1909, he went to Constantinople in the same capacity, and was there during the coronation of the Sultan. It is of interest to note in this connection, that when he was in Constantinople he wrote a series of letters to the *Morning Post*, in which he predicted the downfall of the Turks if they fought the Bulgarians. Recent events have proved how pathetically true this prediction has been. More recently he was in the Balkans as correspondent for *The Times*. Such in brief are the bare facts of an extraordinarily active and successful career, which can

be augmented from the author's own works dealing with his experiences as a war correspondent.

One cannot form a proper estimate of Mr. Baring's work without taking into consideration the wide and cosmopolitan culture of the author; a culture all the more refreshing as it does not savour of the schools. He is a master of many literatures, both ancient and modern; and to him more than to any other modern writer we are indebted for whatever knowledge we possess of Russian authors. Indeed, before we read the work of Mr. Maurice Baring, we had looked upon Russia as a barren and benighted land for ever in the grip of revolution, but we have been happily disillusioned. In "A Year in Russia" he has given us a series of delightful travel pictures, and in the monumental volume entitled "The Russian People" he has revealed to us the whole vast panorama of that romantic and unfamiliar land. We have seldom read anything more vivid than the author's estimate of writers like Tchekov, Gogol and Dostoievsky, in his "Landmarks in Russian Literature." Could anything be more perfect than this critical note written round Tourgeniev?:

"I have said that he was a great poet, but the words seem bare and dead when one considers the peculiar nature of the shy and entrancing poetry that is in Tourgeniev's work. He has the magic that water gives to the reflected images of trees, hills and woods; he touches the ugly facts of life, softens and transfigures them so that they lose none of their reality but gain a majesty and a mystery that comes from beyond the world, just as the moonlight softens and transfigures the wrinkled palaces and decaying porticoes of Venice, hiding what is sordid, heightening the beauty of line, and giving a quality of magic to every stately building, to each delicate pillar and chiselled arch."

It is impossible in a short article such as this to do adequate justice to an author of Mr. Baring's versatility and range of subject. Instead of the finished portrait we should like to paint we can only submit an imperfect sketch. We have still to take him as a dramatist and a writer of short stories. The effort of compression therefore must leave something to the imagination. The three plays contained in "The Grey Stocking," the other two being "The Green Elephant" and "The Double Game," have been produced by Miss Gertrude Kingston and Mr. Granville Barker. "The Grey Stocking" has for its motif the study of the shuttered life of a society woman for whom the friendship of a cultured Russian opens a wider vista to her spirit. There is much satirical observation in this drama, and the contrast between the Russian character and that of the English is not always flattering to the latter. It is a tragic drama, and so is "The Double Game," which deals with the revolutionary Russia so familiar to those who know it in no other guise. "The Green Elephant" is a sort of travesty written round a lost trinket, and includes many farcical characters and situations. In dealing with the plays we must not forget the little drama in verse entitled "Desiderio," which is full of some of the noblest passages in modern poetic drama. We quote this poignant utterance of "Desiderio" as an example of Mr. Baring's mellifluous verse:

"My life is walled with darkness and with sorrow;
But love is something bright to me. A sun
That floods the prison of my soul with light.
I am in prison and love is the song
The prisoner hears far off at eventide;
Love is the dawn I feel but may not see;
The moonlight of my everlasting dream,
The space of luminous calm I cannot reach,
That stretches endlessly beyond the bars."

In the collection of short stories contained in "Orpheus in Mayfair" the author reveals himself a master of satirical comedy, but although the shaft of his satire, which is aimed at the foibles of society and human nature as a whole, is keen and generally hits the mark, it is a satire that is always as urbane and agreeable as the prose in which it is written. Indeed, the prose style of Mr. Baring is not one of the least of the many charms to be found scattered about his books. It has the luminous directness of the French romancists; it sparkles with epigram; a lambent humour plays about the page whether he is revealing to us the beauties of his favourite Russian authors or weaving a flower fancy such as "The Story of Forget me Not and Lily of the Valley."

We have said too little of Mr. Baring as a poet. Indeed it is the poetic note that makes his prose so magical and enriches his imagination even when he is most prosaic—that is to say when he is dealing with facts rather than with fancies—when he is critical rather than creative. The poems are not the least precious of his work. They are instinct with genuine feeling and romantic fervour, and some of the sonnets are perfect examples of the art. Perhaps we may be permitted to quote one of them, which, apart from its intrinsic beauty, adds a sort of personal note to a personality singularly impersonal:

"I have loved summer and the longest day,
The leaves of June, the slumberous film of heat,
The bees, the swallows and the waving wheat,
The whistling of the mowers in the hay.
I have loved words which lift the soul with wings,
Words that are windows to eternal things.
I have loved souls that to themselves are true,
Who cannot stoop and know not how to fear,
Yet hold the talisman of pity's tear:
I have loved these because I have loved you."

We have tried thus briefly to outline the principal claims of Mr. Maurice Baring to be considered one of the cleverest and wittiest and one of the most cultured of twentieth century writers; he is still, so to speak, on the threshold of his career, and we shall look forward to his future work in prose and verse with a zest that has been whetted and stimulated by that which he has already written to our profit and entertainment. We believe that Mr. Baring is writing a new play, and we are Philistine enough to hope that it will be a diminutive drama but on a larger and a more ambitious scale.

ROBERT BIRKMYRE.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

February 1st to March 1st, 1913.

Messrs. Allen & Co.

FREUD, PROFESSOR.—The Interpretation of Dreams. Translated by A. A. Brill, Ph.D. 15s. net.
GOLSWORTHY ARNOLD ("JINGLE").—A Little World: A Novel. 6s.
LOVEMAN, LEONORA.—The Snow Queen. Adapted from Hans Andersen. 6d. net and 1s. net.
MACKLIN, REV. W. H.—Monumental Brasses. Revised Edition. 3s. 6d. net.
REID, ROBERT.—Letters to My Mother. 1s. net.
STRINDBERG, AUGUST.—Some Thoughts from August Strindberg. Translated by Rev. Claude Field. 5s. net.
TASMANIA, THE BISHOP OF.—Nature Mysticism. 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. J. W. Arrowsmith, Ltd.

BUTLER, JOSEPHINE.—The Voice of One Crying in the Wilderness. 6d. net and 9d. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co., Ltd.

BOWEN, MARJORIE.—The Two Carnations. 3s. 6d.
CLEGG.—Practical Drawing for Evening Schools. 1s. net.
DEEPING, WARWICK.—Return of the Petticoat. 1s. net.
JONES, BERNARD E.—Reinforced Concrete. 15s. net.
LAKE, MARY.—The Drug Slave. 6s.
MACKIRDY, MRS.—Love's Soldier. 6s.
McKEOWN, NORMAN.—The Gate of To-morrow. 6s.
NUTTALL and CORKE.—Trees and How They Grow. 6s. net.
PEMBERTON, MAX.—White Motley. 6s.
THOMAS, H. H.—Garden Work for Every Day. 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net.
WARD, G. H. B.—The Truth About Spain. New Edition. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

CULLUM, RIDGWELL.—The Golden Woman. 6s.
D'AUVERGNE, E. B.—My Wander Years. 12s. 6d. net.
EYRE, A. MONTGOMERY.—St. John's Wood: Its Houses, Its Haunts and Its Celebrities. 5s. net.
GRIBBLE, FRANCIS.—The Tragedy of Isabella II. 15s. net.
HAMMOND, FRANCIS.—Let Them Say! 6s.
JAMES, WINIFRED.—The Mulberry Tree. 7s. 6d. net.
MacMAHON, ELLA.—The Divine Folly. 6s.
RADCLYFFE-HALL, MARGUERITE.—Songs of Three Counties. 5s. net.
REYNOLDS, MRS. FRED.—The Granite Cross. 6s.
RIDLEY, LADY.—Margery Tutton. 6s.
SELBIE, REV. PRINCIPAL.—The Theology of Shleilemarcher. 7s. 6d. net.
SIMPSON, VIOLET A.—The Beacon Watchers. 6s.
THURSTON, FATHER F. J.—The Theology of the Roman Church. 7s. 6d. net.
WORSLEY, F. W.—The Theology of the English Church. 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

BESANT, WALTER.—The Lady of Lynn. Cheap Edition. 6d.
CROKER, B. M.—The Spanish Necklace. Cheap Edition. 6d.
DENT, EDWARD J.—Mozart's Operas: A Critical Study. 12s. 6d. net.
DOYLE, A. CONAN.—The Firm of Girdlestone. Cheap Edition. 6d.
HUNGERFORD, MRS.—A Modern Circe. Cheap Edition. 6d.
HYATT, ALFRED H. (Compiler).—The Charm of Paris. A Library Edition. Illustrated in Colour by Harry Morley. 5s. net and 7s. 6d. net.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

BRIGGS, WILLIAM, LL.D., M.A., B.Sc., and STEWART, R. W., D.Sc.—Qualitative Analysis. 3s.
COLLINS, A. J., M.A.—Burke: American Speeches. 2s. 6d.
GARDINER, L. J., M.A.—Intermediate French Reader. 2s. 6d.
YOUNG, A. W., M.A., and PLAISTOWE, F. G., M.A.—Vergil: Georgics II. 1s. 6d.

Messrs. Digby, Long & Co.

BLYTH, JAMES.—The King's Guerdon. 6d.
CANNING, ETHEL.—The Sky-Line. 6s.
DELANNOY, BURFORD.—A Studio Model. 6d.
HARTLEY, PERCY.—Irma of Carpathia: A Romance of the Balkans. 6s.
RUSSELL, DORA.—Silent Watchers. 6d.
SMITH, C.—Short Annals of a Lancashire Village. 3s. 6d.

Mr. A. C. Fifield.

BUTLER, SAMUEL.—Erewhon. 7th Impression. 2s. 6d. net.
ROSE, HENRY.—Henrik Ibsen: Poet Mystic and Moralist. 2s. 6d. net.
STAINER, MAX.—The Ego and His Own. New Issue. 2s. 6d. net.
SWAN, TOM.—Edward Carpenter: The Man and His Message. 4th Impression. 6d. net.

Messrs. G. G. Harrap & Co.

CHAPMAN, J. B.—Horace and His Poetry. ("Poetry and Life" Series.) 1s. net.
CHASE, LOUIS N.—Poe and His Poetry. ("Poetry and Life" Series). 1s. net.
CRUSE, AMY.—Elizabethan Lyrists and Their Poetry. 1s. net.
DICK, WILLIAM.—Byron and His Poetry. ("Poetry and Life" Series.) 1s. net.
DOPP, K. E.—The Early Sea People. Illustrated. 2s. net.
EDMUNDS, E. W.—Pope and His Poetry. ("Poetry and Life" Series.) 1s. net.
HUDSON, WILLIAM H.—An Introduction to the Study of Literature. New and Enlarged Edition. 4s. 6d. net.
JOHNSON, R. BRIMLEY.—Tennyson and His Poetry. ("Poetry and Life" Series.) 1s. net.
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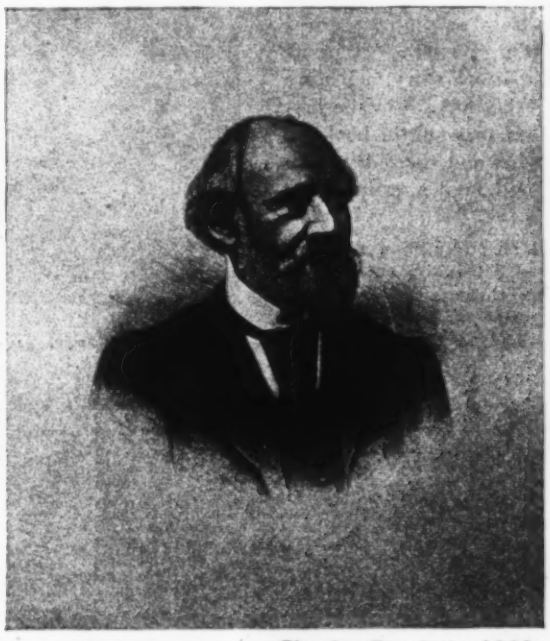

Charles Reade in 1880.

Born when the nineteenth century was but fourteen years old, he was educated at private schools, and went to Oxford in 1831, when he was elected to a demyship at Magdalen College. He distinguished himself at the University, with which he maintained a close connection for many years, becoming Dean of Arts at Magdalen in 1845, a position he relinquished at the end of the following year, and in 1851 vice-president of his college. At one time contemplating a legal career, he was called to the bar at the age of twenty-nine, and read for a while with his brother-novelist, Samuel Warren; but the law did not satisfy him, and he turned to literature. To letters he served a stern apprenticeship. "Good God!" he said, "had it not been for the fellowship—which, though it bound me to celibacy, preserved me from pauperdom—and a mother's generous help, I must have been in the workhouse, or breaking stones on the highway." In 1851 he drew up his "account with literature."

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"*Item.*—'Masks and Faces,' half of one hundred and fifty pounds; seventy-five pounds.

"*Item.*—From Bentley, for book of 'Peg Woffington,' thirty pounds.

"In all, one hundred and five pounds. That is to say, about half-a-crown a week for eighteen years — not enough to pay for pens, ink and paper, leaving copying and shoe-leather out of the question."

Such an experience might well have deterred another, and made him turn his energies in a different direction. Not so was Charles Reade affected. He foamed with rage. He cursed the managers who would not have his plays. He abused those who produced them, in his opinion, unsatisfactorily. But he never ceased to write. It was in his blood, and from his pen, in rapid succession, came play after play, and then novel after novel. That he became a novelist was due to the advice of that charming actress, Mrs. Laura Seymour, "the wisest counsellor, the truest friend, that ever crossed my path."

"Masks and Faces," a comedy written in collaboration with Tom Taylor, and produced at the Haymarket in the winter of 1852, was his first dramatic success, and the only play of his first period that demands mention here, though his melodrama, "Gold," at Drury Lane, was far more profitable. "Masks and Faces" Reade, prompted by Mrs. Seymour, turned into the novel so well-known as "Peg Woffington." It must be confessed that the story is better as a play than as a work of fiction, its principal characters and scenes being more effective on the stage than in the book. In cold print much of it is unconvincing, and, in spite of the undoubted cleverness of the book, its unreality is its most marked feature.

Ipsden, Oxfordshire, the Birthplace of Charles Reade.
From "Charles Reade as I Knew Him," by George Coleman (Treherne & Co.).

"Peg Woffington," however, was a great success, with the public, and Reade followed it with "Christie Johnstone," adapted from another of his plays, but this time an unacted one. It is a much more remarkable production. In the first we have a woman redeemed from sin, in the second a man converted from an idle purposeless life to one of healthy and kindly exertion. "Christie Johnstone" is a picture rather than a story, a picture of the Newhaven fisheries and fisher folk. Christie herself is a fine character, but the best pages of the book are those concerned with Lord Ipsden and the old woman whom he assists with money and invites to unbosom herself of her troubles.

"'*My trouble*, laddie?' cried she, trembling all over. 'The sun wad set, and rise, and set again, ere I could tell ye a' the trouble I hae come through. Oh, ye need na vex yourself for an auld wife's tears; tears are a blessin', lad, I shall assure ye. Mony's the time I hae prayed for them, and could na hae them. Sit ye doon! sit ye doon! I'll no let ye gang fra ma door till I hae thankit ye; but gie me time, gie me time, I canna greet a' the days of the week.'"

And then she unfolds the miseries of her life, and many and dreadful they are. When the full tale of them is recounted, hunger, cold, anguish, and death, she begins to thank him for his sympathy, and, warming to her task, blesses him for his kindness, and the blessing is that of a patriarch:—

"A thousand good wishes came, like a torrent of fire, from her lips, with a power that eclipsed his dreams of human eloquence; and then, changing in a moment from the thunder of a pythoness to the tender music of some poetess mother, she ended, 'An' oh, my boenny, boenny lad, may ye be wi' the rich upon the airth a' your days, AND WI' THE PUIR IN THE WARLD TO COME!'"

Charles Reade.
Drawn by M. Stein from a photograph taken about 1858.

70, Knightsbridge.
Charles Reade's Residence from 1868 to 1880.
Here were written "Foul Play" (1868); "Put Yourself in His Place" (dramatized under the title of "Free Labour" in 1870); "A Terrible Temptation," 1871; "The Wandering Heir," 1872; "A Simpleton," 1873; "A Woman Hater," 1877; and in 1879 his greatest dramatic success, "Drink" (an adaptation of Zola's "L'Assommoir"), for which he received upwards of £20,000.

Though Reade had successfully novelized (if the expression may be used) two of his plays, he did not yet think of himself as a writer of fiction, but remained faithful to his early love, and during the next two years (1854–5) no less than six of his plays were produced. Two of these are still occasionally to be seen, "The Lyons Mail" and "Nance Oldfield," in which, within the memory of the present generation, Sir Henry Irving in the first, and Miss Ellen Terry in the

Hazel and Helen on Godsend Isle.

From one of George Du Maurier's drawings illustrating "Foul Play," by Charles Reade and Dion Boucicault.

"I am a man that's down," said Wylie in a low and broken voice, "Don't hit me any more."

From one of George Du Maurier's drawings illustrating "Foul Play."

Scene from "The Courier of Lyons" which was produced at the Princess's Theatre in 1854, and afterwards became famous as "The Lyons Mail."

The Fight at the Diggings.
Scene from "It is Never too Late to Mend," which was produced at the Princess's Theatre in 1865.

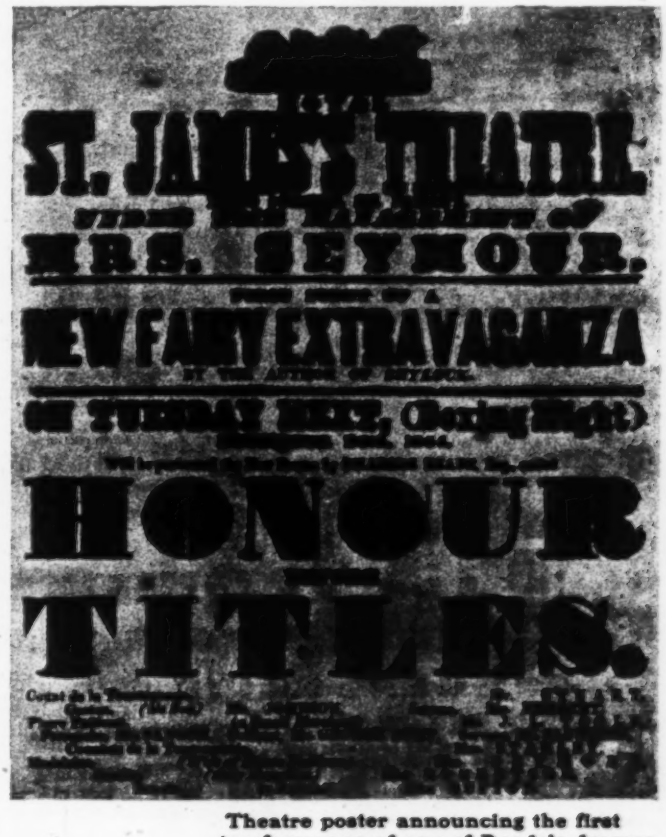
Scenes from two of Charles Reade's famous dramas.

From a photo by J. & C. Watkins. **Tom Taylor,**
who collaborated with Charles Reade in writing "Masks and Faces," on which Reade afterwards founded his novel, "Peg Woffington."

Photo by Van Doorn. **Dion Boucicault,**
who collaborated with Charles Reade in writing the novel "Foul Play."

second, gave magnificent renderings of the principal characters. Reade subsequently dramatized some of his books, wrote other plays, and produced a version of Zola's "L'Assommoir," but from 1855 it is as a novelist rather than as a dramatist that he must be regarded.

It was almost by accident that Reade again turned to the novel. In August, 1855, a great sensation was created in England by the trial and conviction of Lieutenant William Austin, Governor of Birmingham gaol, for cruelty to the prisoners in his custody. Reade was appalled by the revelations, and made a study of the conditions of prison life. Very dissatisfied was he with what he learnt, and he wrote "It is Never Too Late to Mend" to expose the abuses of the system. There is much that is good in the book, but, as in most novels with a purpose, the purpose is insisted upon to a degree that throws the story out of proportion. The author's whole-hearted indignation led him into exaggerations, which could not be defended, and which succeeded only in irritating many readers. The book, and a dramatized version of it, achieved great popularity.



Theatre poster announcing the first performance of one of Reade's dramas.

Reade was now fairly launched upon his career as a writer of fiction, and he published in rapid succession "The Course of True Love Never Did Run Smooth" (1857), "Jack of all Trades" (1858), "The Autobiography of a Thief" (1858), "Love me Little, Love me Long" (1859), and "White Lies" (1860). "The Cloister and the Hearth" appeared in 1861, and two years later "Hard Cash" in which he exposed the danger to the community of sanctioning private lunatic asylums. Of his later books, it is only necessary to mention "Griffith Gaunt" (1865), which was violently attacked by those whom Reade denounced as "prurient prudes"; and "Foul Play" (1869), which deals with the scuttling of ships by owners desirous to draw the insurance.

As a story-teller, Reade had many merits. He could write well, he could draw character, he had undoubted powers of description, he had imagination—in varying degrees he had almost every gift of the novelist except humour—and he summoned even humour to his aid in "Christie Johnstone," in the opening chapters of which there are some quaint turns in the dialogue that Oscar Wilde would not have disowned. As against this, however, in spite of the realism of the details, he all too frequently indulged in over-emphasis, which resulted in throwing over the whole an air

of unreality, and thereby destroying the effect that he laboured so carefully to produce. Possibly a certain section of the public still enjoys "It is Never Too Late to Mend," but it is doubtful if the literate ever takes up any of his works except "Peg Woffington," "Christie Johnstone," and "The Cloister and the Hearth."

Peg Woffington dances to Triplet's playing in his garret.

Peg Woffington - - - - - - - - Mrs. Stirling.
Triplet - - - - - - - - - Benjamin Webster.

Scene from "Masks and Faces," Act II.

Of "Peg Woffington" and "Christie Johnstone" something has been said; it remains to write of "The Cloister and the Hearth," no easy task, because of the temptation to wallow in superlatives. The book undoubtedly ranks among the great masterpieces of historical fiction. "A story better constructed, or better related, it would be difficult to find anywhere," no less a person than Swinburne wrote. The praise is high, but not too high. In his enthusiasm Sir Walter Besant declared that it was the best historical novel in

Peg Woffington's Visit to Triplet.

From a painting by Miss R. Solomon (1867).

the language. The present writer would say that it is the best historical novel in the language with the exception of "Esmond." "Esmond" is written in the grand manner, and endowed with the charm of Thackeray's style and with those wonderful scenes of Esmond returning home bringing his sheaves with him and of Lady Castlewood confronting his Grace of Hamilton with the information that Esmond is the head of the House of Castlewood—those wonderful scenes that are no interpolated purple passages, but arise naturally in the course of the development of the narrative.

To praise "Esmond" is not, however, to disparage "The Cloister and the Hearth." A first version of the latter book, entitled "A Good Fight," appeared serially in 1859 in *Once a Week*, and, it is said, that the circulation of the periodical went up by twenty thousand copies. The editor, not knowing when he was well off, took liberties with the manuscript, whereupon the indignant author abruptly wound up the tale. Two years later, having revised and partly re-written the story, Reade published it in book form under the title by which it has become famous. It is so much greater a work than any other that he has written, that he must be included in the small band of authors whose reputation rests serenely upon a single book. It is, in fact, "The Cloister and the Hearth" first, and the rest nowhere. On every page Reade's erudition is obvious, yet never is it so obtruded as directly to call attention to it or to divert the reader's attention from the story. The period would, indeed, appear to have been chosen because the author knew it so well, not because he thought the period specially suitable for an historical romance. The real characters introduced in the tale are not dragged in because there should be real characters in such a book, they make their appearance in it naturally. And what a canvas it is which Reade has chosen! And with what a portrait-gallery he has covered it! In these days when the novel is, more often than not, of the hole-and-corner variety, treating of a London slum, a street in Camberwell, the life of the bargee, or of the fast set, how refreshing it is to turn to this book where the novelist takes us from one end of Europe to the other, visiting Holland, Germany, France, and Italy, presenting us with indelible pictures of the manners and customs of the various folk.

"SOMETHING LIKE A NOVELIST."

Charles Reade.

The book is cast in the heroic mould. "Not a day passes over the earth, but noble men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows." This is the text of "The Cloister and the Hearth," as spoken by the author in the first lines, a text that is adhered to throughout, the principal characters being, one and all, unimportant in the life of nations, having no part in great events, living entirely in their own humble spheres. It is a love-story primarily—the story of the love of Gerard, the son of Elias and Catherine of Tergow for beautiful, red-haired Margaret Brandt. Gerard, by a forged letter written by his brother, is told that his mistress, who was to be his wife, is dead, and, in despair, he becomes a monk. When he learns that he has been deceived, he goes to his home, and arrives unexpectedly as the family is about to sit down to supper.

"The covers were withdrawn, and the knives brandished. Then burst into the room, not the expected Margaret, but a Dominican friar, livid with rage.

"He was at the table in a moment, in front of Cornelis and Sybrandt, threw his tall body over the narrow table, and, with two hands hovering above their shrinking heads, like eagles over a quarry, he cursed them by name, soul and body, in this world and the next. It was an age eloquent in curses; and this curse was so full, so minute, so blighting, blasting, withering, and tremendous, that I am afraid to put all the words on paper. 'Cursed be the lips,' he shrieked, 'which spoke the lie that Margaret was dead; may they rot before the grave, and kiss white-hot iron in hell thereafter; doubly cursed be the hands that changed those letters, and be they struck off by the hangman's knife, and handle hell-fire for ever; thrice accursed be the cruel hearts that did conceive that damned lie, to part true love for ever; may they sicken and wither on earth joyless, loveless, hopeless; and wither to dust before their time; and burn in eternal fire.' He cursed the meat at their mouths, and every atom of their bodies, from their hair to the soles of their feet. Then turning from the cowering, shuddering pair, who had almost hid themselves beneath the table, he tore a letter out of his bosom, and flung it down before his father.

"'Read that, thou hard old man, that didst imprison thy son, read and see what monsters thou hast brought into the world. The memory of my wrongs and hers, dwell with you all for ever! I will meet you again at the Judgment Day; on earth you will never see me more.'

"And in a moment, as he had come, so he was gone, leaving them stiff and cold, and white as statues, round the smoking board."

As a companion picture to this scene of passion shall be given a scene of exquisite tenderness, when Gerard, known as Brother Clement, discovers in his hermit's cell the baby that, unknown to him, Margaret has borne him.

"Clement laid down his psaltery softly and began to rock his new treasure in his arms, and to crone over him a little lullaby well known in Tergow, with which his own mother had often set him off.

"And the child sank into a profound sleep upon his arm. And he stopped croning and gazed on him with infinite tenderness, yet sadness; for at that moment he could not help thinking what might have been but for a piece of paper with a lie in it.

"He sighed deeply.

"The next moment the moonlight burst into his cell, and with it, and in it, and almost as swift as it, Margaret Brandt was down at his knee with a timorous hand upon his shoulder.

"'Gerard, you do not reject us? You cannot.'"

As is the case with all great books, even the best passages and scenes lose much when wrested from the context. The above extracts may give some idea of Reade's range, but to enjoy its full quality the book must be read in its entirety, read and re-read, and read again. Then can be appreciated the beauty of the work, its tenderness, its sympathy, and its humanity.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

FEBRUARY, 1913.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

The date fixed above for sending in answers does not apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competitions Nos. 1 and 3; answers from Foreign or Colonial readers for competitions 2, 4 and 5 (the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt. Each competitor may send in any number of attempts, provided each attempt is written on a separate sheet of paper.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original ballad in not more than forty-eight lines.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best letter in not more than a hundred and fifty words, giving advice to a young poet.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their reviews.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

Note.—Special attention is directed to the Twenty-one Guineas Prize Poem Competition announced on the first page of this Number.

Two ladies glided into the room.

From "Put Yourself in His Place," by Charles Reade (Chatto & Windus).

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JANUARY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original Lyric is awarded to Miss Grace M. Measham, of 15, Sanderson Road, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne, for the following:

ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Oh eyes,
What matters it if the pure blue o' the skies
Dwell in your depths, or all the stars of night?
So you be bright
With tenderness, you want no other light.

Oh mouth,
We ask not, that the fragrance of the South
Breathe from thee, that thou seem a scarlet flower
From Cupid's bower,—
If smiles and gentle speeches be thy dower.

Oh hands,
Needs not ye gleam with gems from many lands,
That like a snowflake's is your white caress,—
Your loveliness
Is that ye work for others' happiness.

Oh heart,
Whatever joy be thine, or sorrow's smart,
Whate'er thy dreams, thy yearnings all unguessed,—
Thou shalt find rest
Only in love,—that is the one thing blest.

GRACE M. MEASHAM.

We select for printing:

SPRING.

Fling a robe of white and blue about her,
Oh, ye skies!
Hush the winds of March lest they should flout her,
In surprise;
Kiss away the April tears from out her
Shining eyes!

Spread the wonder of the woods before her,
April sweet!
Stretch a living arch of greenness o'er her;
At her feet
Every dear delight you've gathered for her,
Cast complete!

Weave a mesh of bud and bloom to hold her
In a net!
Every fairest flower of May enfold her!
She'll forget
Just the way to leave us, till she's told her
Secret yet!

O, our hearts grow weary for the lilting
Songs you sing!
Though men say you're just a fickle, jilting,
Wayward thing;
Yet we love you, and we want you, oh come quickly!
Happy Spring!

(Mr. L. T. George, Pentney, The Avenue, Lewes.)

THE HOSPITAL CHAPEL.

Where shall we build Thee a house, O Christ?
In the midst of the country fair?
In a grove of stately cedar trees,
Shall we build Thee a palace there?
For whom shall we build Thee a house, O Christ?
Shall it be for the strong and wise?
To worship Thee, Lord, in luxury,
Hard-hearted, with pride-full eyes?

Ah, no, we have built Thee a dwelling, Lord,
In the dank and squalid town,
In the midst where the poor and suffering dwell,
In the midst of Thy very own.
We have raised Thy Cross in the hospital
Its shadow will heal and bless,
For the sick whom Thou lovest most of all,
And the sad Thou lovest no less.
So did we build Thee a dwelling, Lord,
In the midst of this place of pain,
That the sick and sad at Thy Altar sweet
May all be made whole again.

(E. W. Higgs, 33, Thistlewaite Road, Clapton, N.E.)

"And they led him to the Stadthouse."

Drawn by Charles Keene.
From the "Cloister and the Hearth," by Charles Reade (Chatto & Windus).

A SONG.

It was not song of bird,
That first the mild air stirred;
A sweet voice softly spoke—
Out of the green, out of the green,
In all its joyous, golden sheen,
A daffodil awoke!

It was not sight of flowers,
Nor scent of springtide's bowers,
It was not sunshine's gold,
That made birds sing, that made birds sing!
It was the Spring, it was the Spring,
Who did all glad hearts hold!

For her sweet things are born,
On each new joyous morn;
Blue hyacinths she doth own,
And glad birds' trills, and glad birds' trills!
Pink tulips and gold daffodils,
They bloom for her alone!

(Constance Goodwin, 25, Cautley Avenue, Clapham, S.W.)

FAIRIES.

Far and far away the little folk are calling,
Calling us to come to them across the shadow-lands,
Wailing in the coverts and in the windy places
To those that cannot hear them nor feel their clinging hands;
Crying in the moonlight and the starlight cold and chill,
When all the world is quiet and the wind has got his will,
And the flying shadows shift and deepen and are still.

The air is full of voices from the bees among the heather,
And the curlew in the uplands whistles long and sweet;
Yet the world is all too busy to leave its haunts and listen
And it cannot hear the message for the roaring of the street;
Could we but forsake our buying and let our selling be,
And leave the dusty highway for the moorland and the sea,
All our bonds should then be loosened, and our souls be free.

"You are an angel of goodness."

From "Hard Cash," by Charles Reade (W. Collins, Sons & Co.: Illustrated Pocket Classics).

The dreary endless houses overshadow us with greyness,
And our ears are dulled and heavy with the wheels that come and go
Grinding on for ever down the grim discordant roadways
To the sound of countless footsteps hurrying to and fro;
Yet above the noise and turmoil of the people going by,
Comes a rune-song of the mountains and the cloudless open sky.
And the glamour of the marshes with the peewits flying high.

A ceaseless haunting melody of loved things half-forgotten,
Of undiscovered kingdoms luring us to roam;
A song that always called us, a song of many meanings,
But one that sings to all men of the fair road home.
And you and I will rise, dear heart, and go while yet we may
Beyond the peaceful sunset isles and borders of the day,
For the Fairy-folk are calling us, far and far away.

(B. R. M. Hetherington, Wide-open-Dykes, Carlisle.)

Many other Lyrics sent in are of equal merit with these four, and we should print more but for lack of space. We highly commend those received from Margaret K. McEvoy (Cricklewood), E. F. Parr (Clifton), A. M. Bowyer-Rosman (Ladbroke Grove), Kathleen A. Foley (Salisbury), G. Lenorme (Bingley), J. Herbert Howlett (Coventry), K. Elsie Hunt (North Shields), J. A. S. Wilson (Edinburgh), J. J. de Courcy (Mill Hill), E. W. Priest (Norwich), H. W. Foote (Piccadilly), R. B. Boswell (Southampton), Phyllis Tweeddale (Birkdale), D. M. Tweeddale (Birkdale), H. R. Smith (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Mrs. Edward Ormsby (Sheffield), Audrey Thompson (Hastings), Violet Gillespie (Forest Hill), W. A. Lambe, Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Frank Brebner (Portlethen), M. A. P. Price (Birmingham), E. Summers (Duckinfield), Cyril Falls (London, W.C.), Irene Wintle (Liverpool), M. F. Aikman (Glasgow), A. S. Barnard (Walsall), Kathleen A. Foley (Salisbury), T. D. Thomson (Finchley),Ernest A. Kesten (Thornton Heath), Alec W. G. Randall (New Barnet), A. L. de Burgh (New Southgate), Evelyn J. Banks (Sheffield), H. B. Dawes, Junior (Southport), Margaret Waitham (Bridgwater), Elsie S. Mead (Burnley), Harold R. Lingwood (Ipswich), A. Lee, Jun. (Southport), Eleanor L. Clark (Dublin), Ivan Adair, E. F. Shirley (Dumfries), Ada E. Mann (St. Annes-on-Sea), Miss I. M. Northcott (West Kirby), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (S. Woodford), Alice Wise (Leicester), Miss E. M. Heartley (Oxford), J. G. Horne (Blairdrummond), Arthur G. Dugdale (King's

"One inadvertent tug and the fair enthusiast came back to earth."

From one of W. Small's drawings illustrating "Griffith Gaunt."

Lynn), P. V. Poole (Andover), R. G. Wyatt (Wimbledon), "Syned" (Jersey), D. G. Yarrow (Glasgow), P J. Frawley (Claughton), John W. Oliver (Edinburgh), J. D. C. Monfries (Putney), Wilfrid M. Appleby (Southend), Letty Ison (Ashby de la Zouch), John H. Gladwell (Worcester), H. M. Creswell Payne (St. Austell), Margaret Dunnett (Liscard), Rodney Bennett (Reading), Will Louden (Dunfermline), Dora E. Kennedy (Ancrum), R. H. Kipling (Devonport), H. Beckett (Oxford), A. W. Jennings (Stoke), Margaret McDonnell (Glasgow), Marjorie Ogle (Colne), Alice Binks (South Shields), B. G. Brooks (Wood Green), J. D. Smith (Milngavie), Miss E. A. Pearson (Fleet), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), Lillian Purser (Walton Village), Kitty Lilian Lyon (Wimbledon), E. A. Blackman (Worthing), Grace Ashby (Torrington), Maurice J. Frank (London, S.W.), Miss F. M. Knipe (Putney), Winifred Auld (Cricklewood), Douglas C. Pearce (Redhill), Albert Fuller (Cardiff), G. W. Turner (Burnley), Sybil M. Hyla (Greves), Horace Gibson (Hull,) Eveline A. Thompson (Constantinople), Doris Dean (Bromley), Ethel Miller (Huddersfield), D. E. Bailey (Sydenham), J. H. Langlois (Leeds), Norman Donnelly (Bolton), J. Sidney Ellen (Bromley), Leonard J. Shruball (London, S.W.), Agnes E. M. Baker (W. Hampstead), R. W. King (Catford Hill), R. Cogger (Dartford), Vernon Nott (Takeley), M. T. de Lautour (New Milton), Bernard Delorme (Canonbury), Mona Douglas (Birkenhead), Ethel Goodwin (Clapham), Lilly Salisbury (Norwich), Edith Prince-Snowden (Shipston-on-Stour), Miss E. Rippon (Hull), Eric Thirkell (Woldingham), Arthur M. Berry (Luton), W. Nettleton (Huddersfield), M. C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row), W. M. Lodge (Upper Norwood), H. Douglas Hamilton (Bristol), Miss A. M. Morgen (Sheffield), Minnie E. Mason (Reigate), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), S. B. Irene Bell (London, W.C.), Edmund Howard (Putney), W. R. Clark (Huddersfield), Guenn F. Newnham (Gillingham), Noel D. Braithwaite (Ashton-under-Lyne), Arbel M. Aldous (Saffron Walden), Alice W. Linford (S. Tottenham), Miss E. M.; Miss Macdonald (Bridge of Allan), Vernon H. Porter (London, E.C.,) H. L. Carrad (Birmingham), Miss V. E. Horley (Harrow), Beatrice Craig (Straidarran), Arthur S. Wilshere (Dalston), Robert Everall (Plaistow), Clement H. Whitby (Yeovil), Mabel Knight (Bromley), Miss A. R. Reid (Cambridge), M. Molyneux (Torquay), G. M. Hennings (St. Albans), Miss M. V. Stanilaus (Worthing), Ruth Ranken (Barnet), Gulielmus G. Jackson (Northampton), Wilfred J. Grout (Folkestone), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), G. Duncan Grey (Weston-super-Mare), Bertram N. Parker (Matlock Bath), Edwin Waters (Denmark Hill), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), G. J. Holme (Great Malvern), Miss Northcott (West Kirby), A. Renshaw (Sheffield), J. C. Campbell (Harrietsham), Hadley Ford (Clifton), A. Clarke (High Wycombe), George Whitfield (Liverpool), F. E. Fry (Norwich), C. Ashworth (Bradford), Margaret Painter (Wimbledon), A. M. Wilcock (Scarborough), Isabel Clarke (London, S.W.), Flo M. Wilson (Bangor), Rose M. Lomas (Newbury), Lily E. Lord (Amersham), B. Vicary (Bradford), John W. Oliver (Edinburgh), Major J. Berkley (Andover).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to the Rev. J. A. S. Wilson, M.A., 23, Kirkhill Road, Edinburgh, for the following:

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT. BY ELLEN KEY. (Putnam.)

"Was there a man dismayed?
* * * * *
O, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered."

TENNYSON—*The Charge of the Light Brigade.*

Mrs. Gaunt and the Priest.

Drawn by Luke Fildes.
From "Griffith Gaunt," by Charles Reade (Chatto & Windus).

We also select for printing:

THE PROVINCIAL AMERICAN. BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON. (Constable.)

"And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn:"

W. S. GILBERT—*The Yarn of the "Nancy Bell."*

(W. McC. Miller, Straidarran House, Co. Londonderry.)

THE MAN IN THE CAR. BY ALAN RALEIGH. (John Long.)

"And when I asked you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks."

SHAKESPEARE—*Julius Cæsar* (*Portia*).

(S. J. Morrison, 72, Holker Street, Barrow-in-Furness.)

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT. BY ELLEN KEY. (Putnam.)

"Broke the good meeting,
With most admir'd disorder."

SHAKESPEARE—*Macbeth, Act iii. Sc.* 4.

(A. Ernest Smith, 119, Whipps Cross Road, Leytonstone.)

TIDE MARKS. BY MARGARET WESTRUP. (Methuen.)

"You very imperfect ablutioner."

W. S. GILBERT—*The Mikado.*

(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester.)

ANOTHER DEVICE. BY STEPHEN PAGET. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Take a large piece of lemon, and mind that you chew hard,
(If it does you no good, you can call for the steward)."

G. M. FENN—*That Proud Young Man.*

(Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown, The Manse, Derby Road, S. Woodford, N.E.)

III.—A very large number of entries were received for this Competition, and the general standard attained was above the average. We congratulate Mr. J. Richard Ellaway, of Lynmoor, Basingstoke, on a very pretty "continuation" of a well-known nursery rhyme. THREE NEW BOOKS have been awarded to him for the following:

Hush-a-bye baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall;
Down will come baby, cradle, and all!
Baby will heave just the softest of sighs,
Open in wonder those dewy blue eyes;
Soon in their slumberous depths will appear
Just a small shadowy, silvery tear
Welling and welling, and then will begin
Coursing red cheeks to a dimpled wee chin;
Ere baby's rosy lips open to cry,
All the good golden-winged fairies will fly
Over the tops of the blowing trees tall,
Lift fallen cradle, and baby, and all;
Then with warm kisses and music's sweet strain
Hush-a-bye baby to slumber again.

We specially commend the work sent in by Violet Gillespie (Forest Hill, S.E.), L W. Kempson (East Grinstead), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Miss A. Julian Briggs (Crown Hill, Devon), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Mrs. Charles Wright (Sutton), Alice W. Linford (South Tottenham, N.), Miss A. Holmes (Malvern), Audrey Thompson (Hastings), Robert B. Boswell (Southampton), Miss I. Lewis (Edinburgh), Hilda M. Dowden (Rathgar, Dublin), A. S. Barnard (Walsall), Nellie Welpley (Bandon), Elise Lester (Eastbourne), Mabel Knight (Bromley, Kent), Thomas Lanfear (Anerley, S.E.), Charles Powell (Manchester), Bessie R. Ferguson (Belfast), Kitty Lilian Lyon (Wimbledon, S.W.), Mary Troughton (Saffron Walden), Grace Ashby (Torrington), Miss K. F. Haines (Bournemouth), S. Norman Dykes (Glasgow), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn, N.W.), M. A. Newman (Framlingham), Miss E. A. Pearson (Fleet), A. Clarke (High Wycombe), Miss K. Green (Wimbledon, S.W.), L. W. Jennings (Devonport), Margaret McDonnell (Glasgow), R. W. King (Catford Hill, S.E.), Ellen L. Clutterbuck (Bromley, Kent), Ethel Goodwin (Clapham, S.W.), Lilly Salisbury (Norwich), Claude L. Penrose (Woolwich), Alice Wise (Leicester), Mrs. Oliver Lodge (Upper Norwood), Ada E. Mann (St. Anne's-on-Sea), Olivia Moir (London, S.W.), Miss E. M. Kennedy (Manchester), Miss G. M. Northcott (West Kirby, Birkenhead), S. J. Morrison (Barrow-in-Furness), Rev. Edwin C. Lansdown (South Woodford, N.E.), E. Summers (Dukinfield, Cheshire), Irene Wintle (Liverpool), Cecil E. Golothan (Chester), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), J. D. Thomson (Finchley, N.), George K. Grice (Alnwick), G. Duncan Grey (Weston-super-Mare), Eleanor L. Clark (Dublin), M. C. Jobson (Middleton-one-Row, Co. Durham), W. McC. Miller (Londonderry), Constance Goodwin (Clapham, S.W.), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), S. B. Irene Bell (London, W.C.), Albert Fuller (Cardiff), Arbel M. Aldous (Saffron Walden), Margaret Dunnett (Liscard, Cheshire), Violet E. Horley (Harrow), Doris Phillips (Norwood, S.E.), E. A. Lawrence (Waterloo, Liverpool), W. M. Lodge (Norwood, S.E.), Mrs. M. Wise (Maida Hill, W.), Mrs. Fielding (Heywood, Lancs.), Miss A. Colling (London, N.), Miss E. Hallamore (Wimbledon, S.W.), Mary Rogers (Stony Stratford), Rev. F. Hern (Rowland's Castle, Hants.), Miss E. Shore (Worthing), C. A. Bayley (Bangor, Co. Down), K. Elsie Hunt (North Shields), Rev. J. A. S. Wilson (Edinburgh), Frank Cooper (Blackpool), Mrs. Edward Ormsby (Sheffield), Reginald G. Wyatt (Wimbledon, S.W.), Miss M. F. Lewis (Edinburgh), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie, Perthshire), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), Edwin Waters (Denmark Hill, S.E.), and Horace W. Walker (Beeston, Notts.).

"I would have thee burned at the stake."

From "The Cloister and the Hearth," by Charles Reade (W. Collins, Sons & Co.: Illustrated Pocket Classics).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best Review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. Ernest A. Carr, of Lyndall, Park Crescent, Tonbridge, for the following:

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY MAITLAND. By MORLEY ROBERTS. (Nash.)

Here, thinly veiled, is the tragic record of a distinguished man of letters, transcribed from life by an intimate friend. As remote from conventional biography as from the *roman a clef*, the book is startlingly honest and sincere. Nothing is sacrificed to literary or artistic motives. With a frankness that is relentless and sometimes brutal, but never malicious, the author depicts a tragedy of temperament—the betrayal of a fine character and great gifts by flaws of will and courage. It is a vivid, arresting, pitiful story. But what avails a disguise that cannot conceal?

We also select for printing:

THE R. L. STEVENSON ORIGINALS. By E. B. SIMPSON. (T. N. Foulis.)

All lovers of Stevenson will welcome Miss Simpson's new book. It is full of the charm of R. L. S. himself, his love of his native country, and the boyish delight in adventure, which he never lost. There is a certain pathos in it, too, in its reminder of how his imagination continually inhabited "the cold old huddle of grey hills" from which he was an exile. It was this fact which made "Weir of Hermiston" the masterpiece it undoubtedly is, and the chapter on its "originals" is, perhaps, the most interesting in a very delightful book.

(Marjorie C. Barnard, 39, Nevern Square, S.W.)

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN SOMERSET. By EDWARD HUTTON. (Macmillan.)

In Somerset, if anywhere, lies the cradle of English history. The wayfarer who stands, as Mr. Hutton did, upon the summit of the Roman wall above Wells, will see a countryside packed full of noble tradition as any region can provide. Avilon's island valley at his feet—the Fosse way lying behind him, while far away to the north spreads Bath. Here came Alfred's soldiery

to victory at Athelney; here little Jack Horner made off with his fabled pie. This book will set the heart of every West Countryman beating with pride for the goodly heritage of being Somerset's sons.

(M. A. Newman, Albert House, Framlingham, Suffolk.)

MARGARET HARDING. By PERCEVAL GIBBON. (Methuen.)

Anyone who has come into contact with the colour-problem in South Africa will read this book with absorbing interest. The ostracism of Margaret Harding for permitting a Kaffir to kiss her hand—the anomalous position of the educated Kaffir, Kamis, who is rejected by black and white alike—the shifts (and villainies) of the derelict Europeans, Boy Bailey and Mrs. du Preez—the pathetic efforts of the doctor's wife to screen her drunken husband—these are skilfully woven into a picture of everyday life on the veldt, and the whole rendered charming by the personalities of the principal characters.

(A. S. Barnard, 5, Victoria Terrace, Walsall.)

THE DIARY OF FRANCES, LADY SHELLEY. Edited by RICHARD EDGCUMBE. (John Murray.)

One parts from the writer of this Diary with feelings of regret as from a charming friend, and one remembers with wonder that the spirited chronicle was written a century ago. Many notable people become delightfully human in these pages, and the warm friendship existing between Lady Shelley and Wellington shows the kindly chivalrous nature of the great man. The spirit of adventure which caused the Shelleys to travel "so that," she says, "I may be made a pleasanter companion by the fireside of old age" was amply rewarded in spite of dangers and discomforts encountered, and makes pleasant reading.

(Miss E. A. Pearson, Fleet.)

THE HAPPY WARRIOR. By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON. (Alston Rivers.)

This book will appeal to all who enjoy healthy and bracing literature. The well-drawn characters prove the author to be a keen student of human nature and human character. The Happy Warrior himself, at once attracts us; and we follow him, with unabated delight, from hearty and rollicking boyhood to robust and virile manhood; until the time which calls for an inspiring act of high courage and self-sacrifice. Written in an easy, graceful style, our interest is sustained to the last; and we lay down the book, grateful to Mr. Hutchinson for giving us an exceptionally good story.

(Bernard C. Gillott, Ufton Fields, Oakenthorpe, Alfreton.)

ST. QUIN. By D. C. CALTHORP. (Alston Rivers.)

Like Peter Pan, Mr. Calthorp will never grow up, for he possesses the priceless gift of seeing life by the magic light of Imagination. A tap of the Harlequin's wand, and it is no longer a grey, dry-as-dust world, but an enchanted Land of Romance. "St. Quin" tells of a young couple upon whom their wealth and position pall. Both seek Adventure to find it—in each other. If occasionally, as in the case of Edward, the author's whimsical propensities threaten to run away with him—all is forgiven for the sake of his idealistic views—delicious scraps of Wisdom—and incurable optimism.

(Lucy G. Chamberlain, Plas Brith, Llandudno.)

WILLIAM SHARP (FIONA MACLEOD): A Memoir, compiled by His Wife, Elizabeth A. Sharp. (Heinemann.)

All lovers of this inveterate dreamer, who, under the inspiration of a "sublimated self," thought aloud, as it were, thoughts startling in brilliancy, that merged into pictures of Nature, radiant with gorgeous tints, will welcome this loving, tender attempt at an explanation of her husband's dual personality by Mrs. Sharp. And we linger long over his letters, shot through as they are with the rich lights of fancy. Through every page is breathed sympathy and understanding, and we divine that only through the constant self-sacrifice of this devoted wife was the full beauty of the "manifestations" of "Fiona Macleod" achieved.

(Margaret Rey, St. Brannocks, Edge Hill Road, Bournemouth.)

Photo by W. & D. Downey. **Charles Reade's Grave in Willesden Churchyard.**

The figure at the head of the grave is Mr. George Coleman, one of Reade's biographers. Reade and Mrs. Seymour are buried in the same grave, and the stone has a long inscription to her on the other side, and on this side the following:

"Here lie by the side of his beloved friend, the mortal remains of Charles Reade: Dramatist, Novelist, and Journalist. Born June 8th, 1814, Died April 11th, 1884. His last words to mankind are on this stone. 'I hope for a resurrection, not from any power in Nature, but from the will of the Lord God omnipotent, Who made Nature and me. He created Man out of nothing, which Nature could not. He can restore Man from the dust, which Nature cannot. And I hope for holiness and happiness in a future life, not from anything I have said or done in the body, but from the merits and the mediation of Jesus Christ. He has promised His intercession to all who seek it, and He will not break His word, that intercession once granted cannot be rejected, for He is God, and His merits infinite, a man's sins are but human and finite.' *'Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.'* *'If any man sin we have an advocate with the Father Jesus Christ the righteous, and he is the propitiation for our sins.'*"

Good reviews were also sent in by Beatrice Craig (Londonderry), Rodney Bennett (Reading), Miss L. Mugford (South Norwood Hill, S.E.), A. H. Mannington Sayers (Sheffield), E. Percy Adam (Nottingham), Maurice I. Frank (London, S.W.), Mrs. Hooper (Selby), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn, N.W.), Gwendoline Jones (Swansea), R. H. Kipling, (Devonport) Rev. George Mellelieu (Hull), Leo Delicati (Cotham, Bristol), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Miss Richey (Belfast), Lilly Salisbury (Norwich), Edward C. Luin (Stamford Hill, N.), Muriel M. B. Aikman (Glasgow, W.), Sybil Waller (London, S.W.), E. B. (Stirling), A. Gordon Fletcher (Erdington, Birmingham), H. M. Creswell Payne (St. Austell), L. H. Cooke (Heaton Moor, Lancs.), Bertha C. Priestley (London, W.C.), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Horace W. Walker (Beeston, Notts), Mrs. Wright (Sutton), Mrs. Edward Ormsby (Sheffield), D. Lefebvre (St. Aubyn's, Jersey), Miss Ethel Tudge (Cricklewood, N.W.), Neil Cornell (Twickenham), Rev. Robert Brewin (Loughborough), Miss M. M. Machan (Glasgow).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr. Henry G. Dowling, of 75, Kingston Road, Portsmouth.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

By Thomas Seccombe.

MR. SAINTSBURY has denounced, if I mistake not, in no measured terms the impertinence of live appreciations of living celebrities. He will probably glance at this, if it should chance to meet his eye, with an ultra-critical frown. It is impossible to avoid differing with him on many points, but we may well agree to differ with so staunch an upholder of literary tradition and of the rightful claims of native literature. It is inevitable that one should regard with profound respect the most signal polymath of our day, the doyen of English critics and professors of literature, who stands to-day in this country where Brunetière stood at the Sorbonne a decade ago, who has proved himself a paladin of letters, moreover, who has been into the tenebrous places, the *antres* vast and deserts wild of Bookland, and who bears the weight of such superhuman and almost incredible erudition upon his shoulders with so much jocularity, so much zest, and so vivid a *joie de vivre*.

The "Saint" as he is endearingly called by his disciples, has edited not only books but whole series, and has contributed articles to journals, papers, magazines, quarterlies and encyclopædias of every complexion. But his antecedents must be kept in mind all the time that we appraise him. He is a very typical Oxford man of the generation after Freeman and Froude. He was a giant and a polyhistor, a good classicist too, at Merton, where he was Post Master in the 'sixties. He has always been a good alumnus of Oxford and of Merton, and has cherished the remembrance of his life and contemporaries there with the scrupulous fidelity of a schoolmaster. For after he left Oxford he went to Elizabeth College, Guernsey, as head classical tutor, and remained there for seven or eight years of the most formative period of life. Schoolmaster in all for ten, he must have been journalist for well nigh a score of years. Much of this was spent in the service of satire and the *Saturday*. The future Professor learned the lesson there of accumulating rapidly and dogmatising determinedly on any given subject. He was, I believe, for a considerable time second in command, and he wrote frequently for other Conservative organs both daily and weekly. He read enormously, as the practice was in these days, studied French literature exhaustively, and laid about him with a will. As a writer of compendious text books and manuals, later on, he met with a more than just share of retribution in the form, now of the buffet, and now of the wasp-sting, after a fashion which, since the disappearance of Churton Collins, Furnivall and Swinburne, seems to have lost its zest for contemporary readers and reviewers. Saintsbury, meanwhile, had become such an authority on literature that he seemed almost too big a man to be settled in a Chair. The satisfaction was great therefore, when in 1895 this erudite Englishman won a Scottish Chair and obtained a fixed benefice. A voice of great volume was thus drawn up from the wilderness and set upon a high place.

Saintsbury's great idea has been to codify our literature and apply to it "the rules"; he has a grammarian's hatred of *aliquid novi*, though he is himself, it must be admitted, a daring and most licentious neologist. He has carried his legislation to an extreme. But on the whole the benefit that he has conferred has been no slight one. His scales may not convince all his readers of their unerring rectitude, but they have led to an unconscionable amount of weighing, standardizing, testing and turning over. His books have served the purpose of a species of literary clearing house. Few will contest his work systematically, because they have not the mind-storage or memory capacity. Mr. Saintsbury is a professor of an antique pattern for faithful service. He resembles the great classical scholars in power of back no less than power of brain. He delves deep in his library which, as described by him in footnotes (for he always, like a true bookman, mentions the edition he uses and annotates), must have attained colossal proportions. He reads half the night, remembers what he reads, and at nine o'clock next morning for two hours is steadily working away, ticking off pages of omniscience like a veritable dragon.

There is something great about the march of his style and the huge *terrain* of learning which he expands over in spite of the tiresome double and treble distillations of phraseology; and in spite of fatiguing verbosities, warnings and ponderosities, we feel unmistakably that we have still been in communion with a large and commanding intellect. We crave often for something more of the graces and of the serious persuasiveness which Chesterfield enjoins in place of the hectorings, uncouth pleasantries, and vaticanisms, to which the Dominie is so inveterately addicted, but we cannot miss the edification of a life marked by indefatigable labour, and the sanctification of work guided by devotion to good writing, to honest reading, and to the propagation of the highest and best in literature of which the world is cognisant.

The term "dominie" is a little irresistible where our Professor is concerned, for he has much of the arbitrariness of the schoolmaster who must adhere to an *ipse dixit* at all hazards, and to whom to have said a thing twice is to have fixed it for all time. But he also has the prodigious book-lore and book-learning of a Johnson, and the conviction inseparable from the dominie that he will be better appreciated hereafter. His power of quotation and knowledge of pedagogical tags and *loci critici* is also of the old world and absolutely amazing. One of the distinctions between creative and critical writers is that the latter read as well as write. George Saintsbury has read prodigiously, enormously. Even better than reading, though, I believe that he loves writing. It is a curious fact to consider how little it seems to affect the writing whether it is done willingly or against the grain. The most persuasive pen on literary matters to-day, that of Sir Walter Raleigh, pursues its course with groans of reluctance, the most erudite, that of Professor Ker, is hardly less tormented. The princes of the light essay, such as Max Beerbohm and A. B. Walkley, do not write, I imagine, with any fervour of enthusiasm in the process. Henry James again, whose "Partial Portraits" are among the most

seductive critical garlands of our time, writes with enthusiastic abandon; E. V. Lucas shuts himself in between given hours, regardless of civil war, earthquake or eclipse, and writes sternly against time. Hilaire Belloc outdistances the old enemy, writing as he grumbles at writing, upon the wings of the wind. The "Saint" writes formally, solemnly, deliberately, and stands to win in the race by sheer force of steady persistence. In his case there is need for little creative effort. His functions are not even those of advocate. For he sits most habitually upon the bench, and his tone is judicial and High Court. He is not merely critic, he is *Professeur à son métier*, and his function is not so much æsthetic as doctrinal. Yet when he writes, he writes with his might, the learning of all the ages perpetually flowers in a single word—it is possible that you may not understand it. A polyglot lexicon is indispensable to the sedulous peruser of Professor Saintsbury. But when you have found it out, you have mastered something. You are being dealt with, exposed, rattled, convicted of loss of memory, aphasia, and crass ignorance; but it is all good for you. The Professor's vast reading has effected a permanent lodgment in his mind; much of it is available in the form of ready money; and Saintsbury will quote you not merely text but contemporary opinions and counter-opinions. From these will have emerged a harmony of some sort or another in his mind. Though immutable, this compromise may be fallible, the tasting power and delicacy of palate that have gone to it may be inadequate to their task, the independence of view may be no great matter, the intensive quality that you would meet in an Arthur Symons might be wholly absent; but, after all, how much more this compromise is likely to be right than the unhampered, untutored view of the common beachcomber of letters! When this critic sets to work it must be remembered that an enormous amount of reading and accumulated knowledge is put into operation through the medium of a mnemonic instrument of a very fine and selective quality. The process works up a kind of critical yeast, and if the resultant is something not alluring perhaps either in the attraction of style or originality, it is not merely a dexterous register of contemporary judgment or prejudice, but something more judicial and likely to be much more stable and more permanent. People may condemn his constant descents to the vast cellarage of his learning as a trifle pedantic; it is a way people have of revenging themselves on the knowledge they do not possess. The Professor, happily, goes on his way totally unmoved by such flippant detraction. He has knowledge worthy of a scholiast or a Scaliger of the sixteenth or early seventeenth century, when men made the whole of learning their province, and he is neither ashamed of airing it nor afraid of the labour of exercising it for our advantage. His passion indeed is its exploitation. "*L'homme, c'est l'œuvre*," is as much his motto as it can have been Zola's or Flaubert's. But he uses his labour in very different causes. Naturalism is his natural enemy, and he is all in favour of the romantic school, emotion conveyed through the chaste medium of style, and the hushing preparatory to hearing the elfin harps in letters. I wish I were in a position to give examples of the range and tenacity of the Professor's memory, which would probably strike the reader as being as peculiar as it is extensive. I remember being at a loss to remember the name of the Cambridge equivalent of "Verdant Green"—name and author were immediately supplied by the Professor, who happened to be present. He showed an intimate knowledge that evening with Surtees, with the "Pitcher" and his work, and with "The Druid." The range of his reading is so catholic that he is easily first as a walking encyclopedia—five or six of Dr. Brewer's Handbooks rolled into one—of literary information. His reading in French novels of a past age is incredible. I sincerely believe that he could tell me offhand the plot of such a book as Gozlan's "Notaire de Chantilly." He would give you the author, plot, date and reception of "Granby." Such gifts are not to be concealed. One only wishes that he would be more simply communicative of his learning, that he would pour out the stores of it at fitting moments in an easy-flowing untormented stream—as Dr. Birkbeck Hill was wont to do, for instance, when he found an appreciative audience. The fountain of literary knowledge from whom I have derived most, was Richard Garnett. He, too, had an enormous memory, unerring *flair* for what was exceptional and interesting in letters and literary history, and an incomparable gift of easy and perspicuous narrative. Professor Saintsbury has retained much of the Oxford manner of assuming knowledge and progressing by means of allusion and innuendo with dark hints as to the insipience of the auditor who fails to follow him. His jocularities are similarly apt to be injurious because they are to his audience so often unintelligible. After a severe bout of the Professor's adjectives such as "epideictic" and "esenoplastic," and his Meredithianisms, one is often reduced in tears to exclaim with Mr. Yellowplush, "Igsplane this, men and

Photo by Moffat, Edinburgh.

Professor Saintsbury.

angels, for I've tried every way." Incontinence in holding back these ἀγωνίσματα has led at times to saturnalia in the class-rooms, from which they were designed to expel the children of Morpheus. The scorpionic jocularities of the old *Saturday*, grafted upon the arbitrary rescripts of the class-room, were not congenial to the free children of our bracing North British Universities. The literature class-room at the opening of a new session in Auld Reekie is not exactly a bed of roses. But it is extraordinary to what an extent the sheer force of learning and the respect which radiates from a scholarship as inflexible in its disinterestedness and sincerity of application as it is profound in its depth and amplitude of range has gradually disarmed the real animus of the opposition. The sincerity of the man is at the root of the secret by means of which he has gradually surmounted a succession of waves of opposition to his manner, to which a weaker offender would have again and again succumbed. Much hated as his style has been, and doubtless is, by many, it is at any rate no affectation, it is the man himself. His touchstone, too, is a perfectly sincere one. Among few of his fellow-countrymen, he is one of those who has the passion and instinct for form, and he judges most things by this. He treats form, it will be thought by many, as too much abstracted from substance, structure, environment and make-up generally, but this is, in England especially, far better than the converse error. Here, as in religion and politics, he has the full courage of his opinions, and accepts all (Adam and Eve and High Toryism) or nothing as his motto. In literature, as in religion, he is a man of liturgy and precise creed. Criticism is equal or very nearly equal to creation in his mind, and he would rank Aristotle, Longinus and Coleridge in his Paradiso, along with Homer, Shakespeare, and Dante. Letters, in his view, to be properly studied, must be abstracted, isolated from history and biography, and assessed by methods and standards and canons of their own. He believes in literary circles, a definite hierarchy of kinds and ranks and principalities, in a separate literary heaven. He is convinced of the necessity of treating it as a subject apart and hedging it thornily from sciolists with doctrines, principles, hard riders and difficult rules. To those who regard books as indeterminate fractions of human experience, treat of literature as a side issue of history, and authoritative criticism as mere vapouring in a sphere which should be dedicated wholly to lawless adventure and casual impressionism, he has little to say, save "Anathema" and "Retro Sathanas!" But, while the impressionists disperse their efforts, he concentrates, he codifies, he accumulates ponderous tomes of learning which are the title deeds of the Saintsburian faith.

His books, as a whole, are far too numerous to survey or even to enumerate here. But one must endeavour to convey a brief impression of their oceanic character.

He has written so much that one would not be greatly surprised if in time to come his name came to signify that of a scholiast, to whom all the commentaries, including all the editions we now attribute to Henry Morley, Edward Arber, Everyman, Andrew Lang, etc., etc., were in reality to be assigned. I possess books by him on Lord Derby, on the Duke of Marlborough, on the History of Manchester, on French Lyrics, Jacobean Pamphlets, Elizabethan Literature, obscure Caroline poets. He has written on fur and feather, on culinary subjects, on Oxford nightcaps. Among his hobbies are Peacock, Thackeray, Dryden, Fielding, and I believe Smollett, Shadwell, Donne, Racine. The Introductions he has written are as the sands of the sea. He is an expert on Balzac, and has a private and particular acquaintance with Sainte-Beuve. A special tribute is due to his solemn declaration on this subject that the superiority of French criticism to our own is a fond thing vainly invented. Dryden, Coleridge, Hazlitt and Arnold (not to speak of Lamb) he represents to be topmost among the big heads. Of his essays the best are those on English Literature, between 1780 and 1830, two series of which illustrate a minute and solid acquaintance with the great romantic period. These two volumes I cherish, and a third, containing his "Essays on French Novelists," is the one of all which I make quest after and covet, for that is the most purely expository and the least controversial of any of his books. From it I learned to make acquaintances which have given me the greatest possible pleasure. These essays were written over thirty years ago, I believe, some probably for John Morley at the "Fortnightly," when the future Professor was in the full activity of his literary practice as contributor, reviewer, translator, commentator, and prolegomenist. He was himself the editor for a time of *Macmillan's Magazine*. In every literary kind his experience must have been great. Of plays he has been an enormous reader, but an indifferent spectator. When he produced his standard "History of Criticism" in three massive volumes the book was said to be his diploma-piece. If so, he has easily surpassed it in the difficulty and diversity of the themes he has expounded since that great work saw the light some ten years ago. His critical theories are often difficult, his idolatry of Coleridge, his comparative obscuration of the superior connoisseurship of Lamb, his overpowering pleasantries—these things may exasperate, but the general effect is one of exhaustiveness, organised erudition, ripeness and maturity of judgment and reasoned sagacity. Few will be found to differ greatly with his conclusion that criticism is the endeavour to find, to know, to love, to recommend, not only the best but all the good that has been known and thought and written in the world. Since then he has written two very hard books, one on "Prosody," and one on "Prose Rhythm," both on a most capacious scale. All the world has wondered at these manifestations of profound learning, and has agreed that if the Professor has identified himself with no particular series, or author, or period, he has driven his chariot wheels triumphantly along the causeway which links and generalises and unites the literature of periods and countries into one luminous whole.

MAITLAND OF LETHINGTON.*

By D. Hay Fleming, LL.D.

IN the course of an address to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, in 1865, Froude said: "It would be well if some competent man would write a life of Maitland, or at least edit his papers. They contain by far the clearest account of the inward movements of the time; and he himself is one of the most tragically interesting characters in the cycle of the Reformation history." Fully twenty years elapsed before Froude's friend, the late Sir John Skelton, published his two volumes entitled—"Maitland of Lethington and the Scotland of Mary Stuart." Like everything else from "Shirley's" pen, these volumes are charming in style, but as a vindication of Lethington they were unsuccessful. The brilliant writer had effectually tied his own hands. In his "Impeachment of Mary Stuart," he had not only argued that the Casket Letters were forgeries, but had ventured to indicate who was the forger: "The master-wit of Lethington was there to shape the plot; Lethington, with numberless scraps of the Queen's handwriting in his possession, and with a divine or diabolic spark of genius in his nature, which might have made him on a larger theatre one of the leaders of mankind." This inconvenient statement may have escaped Sir John's memory ere he tackled his larger work, in which he boldly says of Maitland: "He had been behind the scenes; he had examined the fragments of manuscript which the industrious animosity of Morton's hirelings had pieced together; and his belief in Mary's innocence had not been shaken."

This somersault may have been performed unconsciously, but no number of acrobatic feats on the part of a biographer could justify Maitland's conduct if he knew that the Casket Letters were forged. He signed the Article of 4th December, 1567, alleging them as proofs of the Queen's guilt; and he sat in the Parliament which endorsed that opinion. He was one of those who submitted these and other documents as genuine to the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Sussex, and Sir Ralph Sadler. The documents so submitted included the marriage-contract, alleged to have been signed by Mary and Bothwell before the divorce, before the capture, before the mock-trial; two letters to prove her consent to the capture; and the long Glasgow letter so damaging and so horrible. Instead of attempting to vindicate his hero's conduct regarding these documents, Sir John quietly ignored it, preferring to speak of him as naturally unselfish, as always magnanimous, as a patriot to the core, and as devoted to Mary.

From a purely literary point of view, Mr. Russell's work is on a lower plane than his predecessor's; but is very much superior in every other respect. He has evidently approached his subject unfettered and with an open mind. He does not appear to have done much, if anything, in the examination of unpublished manuscripts; but he has thoroughly explored and carefully studied all the most likely printed sources of reliable information, especially state-papers—Scottish, English, French, Spanish, and Venetian. There is no ostentatious display of authorities, although vouchers are usually given for important statements. The titles of some of

* "Maitland of Lethington, the Minister of Mary Stuart: A Study of His Life and Times." By E. Russell. 15s. net. (Nisbet.)

Lethington Tower (Lennoxlove).

From "Maitland of Lethington," by E. Russell (Nisbet).

the books cited might have been given more fully with advantage. For example, one of the references is, "Wright, i. 61." Those who are intimate with the history of the period know, of course, that the work so indefinitely indicated is Thomas Wright's "Queen Elizabeth and her Times." All Mr. Russell's readers, however, cannot be expected to know this, and possibly more than one of them who may wish to look up the reference will have no idea where to find it. If they consult a good library catalogue, they will find that Thomas Wright wrote a "History of Scotland," and a great many other books, and much time may be wasted in discovering the proper one. Or, again, there is such a reference as this, "Robertson, iii. 273–9." As five Robertsons have written on Scottish history, the work should have been named, and as it has gone through more than twenty editions, it would have been well to mention the edition too. This occasional looseness in specifying his authorities is the only fault I have to find with Mr. Russell's method.

In Maitland he sees much to admire, but he is not a blind admirer, and does not attempt to justify him in all his ways. His main object, indeed, has evidently been to get at the real facts, and to state them fairly. To do so intelligently, it was absolutely necessary to investigate closely the history of the period, as far as it bears on Maitland's aims, plans and policy; and the essence of these investigations is given in this volume, which is practically a history of that period. Queen Mary occupies nearly as much of the canvas as Lethington, who for years was closely associated with her. The Regent Murray, Knox, Kirkcaldy of Grange, and the Regent Morton also figure very prominently. The Casket Letters are accepted as genuine.

Mr. Russell does not merely exhibit the facts as he finds them, and as they appear to him, but gives estimates, well-weighed, of all the leading actors, and tries to account for and explain many of their actions by noting the immediate political exigencies of the time. I have observed very few mistakes of any kind in the volume and they are trifling. Oddly enough, there is one in the very first page. In describing Haddington, he refers to "its abbey," and also to "its monastic establishments, which included a nunnery." The error is by no means a new one; but the truth is that the nunnery was the abbey. The few quotations which I have tested are substantially correct, although not so exact as they might have been. The spelling is modernized, the order of the words is sometimes altered, and occasionally an irrelevant or redundant clause is left out although no indication of omission is given.

In these days of feverish haste and over-production, few books are like this, which has cost its author ten years' labour. All honour to the man who grudged neither time nor trouble to satisfy himself regarding his facts before he put them in type.

New Books.

AN INTERPRETATION OF RUDOLF EUCKEN'S PHILOSOPHY.*

This small volume deals with two vast subjects—religion and philosophy. Their mere bibliography is immense, and to study their history in any adequate manner might require the leisure of a lifetime. And yet the very bulk and magnitude of the literature attests the perpetual interest of their theme. Despite all the attractions of the world of sense and intellect—and they were never more powerful than to-day—there are yet times when all of us, to borrow the image of the Roman poet, "stretch out longing hands towards a further shore,"and seek to win, as it were, some secure footing in a world to which neither sense nor intellect can attain. Many find such security in the venerable dogmas of an established creed; they submit themselves to authority and are at peace. But there are others of less acquiescent and more independent mood with whom symbols, articles of faith, decrees of councils, and the like carry no weight at all, except so far as they make a living and intimate appeal to their own thoughts and feelings. But how can the dry formulæ of a distant past speak to such men with a direct and living voice? What vital concern have they in the spelling of "Homoousios," for which men of old went gladly to the stake, or in the question of the "Double Procession," which centuries ago divided Christendom? Assuredly but little; for indeed such formulæ have to do with the husk rather than the kernel, with the "time-vesture," rather than the permanent reality, of religious truth, and when Harnack—the most learned theologian of our age—asks to-day, "*What is Christianity?*" his answer is that not of a formalist but of a prophet, whose business it is to strip off what is outward, and interpret to the world what is inward and spiritual in the divine message. Eucken, however, goes much further than Harnack. The latter desires to show what is that seminal principle from which a particular religion derives its vitality, but Eucken asks what religion itself is. He seeks to discover what is that deep spiritual truth or reality on which, "by divers fashions and in divers manners," men in all ages have ever been struggling to lay hold; and in the judgment at least of his "interpreter," his grip upon it is a stronger one than that of most who have gone before him. "The world," he writes in almost his concluding words, "is beginning to get tired of the mechanism and shallowness of our age, and is once more on the point of turning to the spiritual fountains of life. Where can it find a better guide to lead it to the waters of life than in Rudolf Eucken?"

That assuredly is a bold question. And yet in spite of its audacity, after reading this book, it does not altogether startle or repel. For no one can read it without feeling that this humble Professor in the quiet University of Jena is a man who both possesses a living faith and has also won that faith only after long wrestling, only by strong determination never to yield until "at the breaking of the day" he should at last "prevail" and be "face to face" with truth. And such men are ever among the rarest. They are, indeed, the prophets of the modern world. The "prophets" of old time were often simple men and might even in that age be "unlearned and ignorant men," but to-day the spirit of prophecy, if it is to have power, must be supported also by the spirit of knowledge. Science has wholly altered our conception of nature; criticism and the comparative study of religions have largely changed our views on revelation; the range of thought and experience has been almost infinitely widened, and we need in our spiritual leaders not only zeal but also understanding.

* "An Interpretation of Rudolf Eucken's Philosophy." By W. Tudor Jones, Ph.D. (Jena). 5s. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

Rudolf Eucken.

From "An Interpretation of Rudolf Eucken's Philosophy," by Dr. W. Tudor Jones (Williams & Norgate).

And Eucken undoubtedly has both. He is at once an enthusiast and a life-long student. If any judgment may be formed from the number and variety of his writings, many of which have obtained wide circulation, he comes now to the study of the philosophy of religion with a full equipment. Whether indeed there is anything wholly new in what he has to say is a point which only a specialist could determine. His present "interpreter," no doubt, thinks that there is, and speaks of him as "discovering" this or that truth, but for the ordinary reader his real distinction is that he does set before us, in a manner suited to our day and which takes full account of modern thought, the claim of spiritual life to be accounted the greatest and most central of realities. To establish that claim has been the aim of the greatest and truest thinkers of every age and country. They have used many different forms of expression, so that the language of Paul and the language of Plato and Plotinus may differ widely, but in meaning and in substance they are one. To all of them truth and justice, love and duty are not mere abstractions or intellectual forms but positive realities, or rather those only realities which, "though heaven and earth pass away," shall yet not pass away, and by apprehending which the soul of man is brought into relation with the divine and passes into a new and eternal world. And indeed we all dimly feel that these things are so—for what other basis has any natural religion that has ceased to be one of terror?—but they need continually re-stating in terms, not only of feeling but of intellect, and never more so than at the present time. For the intellect grows daily more aggressive and imperious; it is winning for itself everywhere new domains, encroaches everywhere upon the realm of spirit, and even tends to bring it into a state of vassalage. Man looks around him in the world, and he sees everywhere what he terms "the triumphs of intellect." He looks back into his age-long past and sees there a continual advance in intellectual power and achievement. And thus looking on the past and on the present he has at last grasped the great conception of evolution. He has realised that, as Eucken puts it, he is a being "with capacity for *more*," and within the domain of knowledge every advance of science confirms and establishes the fact. Of intellectual evolution he is convinced, and sets almost no bounds to its possibilities. But the very splendour of that evolution overpowers, absorbs, and, as it were, dazes him. For is there not, asks Eucken another and higher form of evolution? Is not the life and growth of spirit equally as real as that of intellect? If science has demonstrated the one, may it not, with equal justice, accept the conception of the other? We daily live, move, and have our being in an intellectual world which man by his mental activity has created for himself, an intellectual world of whose existence he is assured; and why should he not also create a spiritual world of the reality of which he is no less convinced and which is, in fact, equally real? There is nothing more certain that whatever he was once—"a monster of the slime," if you will—he is now no longer a mere animal. He has evolved the power of understanding the laws of nature in a manner which, however marvellous in itself, is yet subject to hourly ocular demonstration. And he has also, assuredly, evolved the power of conceiving other laws—"spiritual norms," Eucken calls them—which, though not capable of ocular demonstration, may yet in reason be equally real as the "laws of nature." He has everywhere attained to the conception of Right and Wrong, of duty, and of "the idea Good." History proves the fact, for such ideals have constantly been its moving forces, and it can also "testify to an innumerable host of individuals" in whom "their conceptions of the highest good became a permanent experience and possession of their highest being." And were they wholly deceived? Is this "highest good" a phantom? Or does it point to the real subsistence of an "absolute spiritual life," a something beyond nature and intellect, in which we may become ever more and more partakers? The dilemma faces all thinkers. But if these ideals, these spiritual laws—"ἄγραπτα κἀσφαλῆ θεῶν νόμιμα, as Sophocles terms them—are illusions, then assuredly "they are the most tragic illusions conceivable"; then all effort, all progress, all evolution lead, by what seems a self-contradiction and to a final blank.

No doubt all this—and who can touch on such a theme without a deep sense of his own incapacity?—will seem attenuated, shadowy, and perhaps unreal. And indeed the best conclusions of philosophic mysticism must always seem to lack substance when compared with a positive creed, nor can any "idea of Goodness," even when it rises to an intuition of "the Divine," appeal with such directness to the heart as the revelation of a personal God. Yet on the other hand, every positive religion, which draws its evidence at least in part from certain historical facts, as those facts recede continually into a more remote past, must more and more require whatever support the human mind can afford by its own living operation and experience in the present. Its proofs that are from without need a constant ratification and renewal from within; and Christianity to-day, when what Eucken calls its "Existential-form" is subject to many attacks, may well accept the aid of a great thinker whose aim it is to show that its "Substance" at least, its "pure spiritual nucleus" is a central reality of life which science can never disprove, and which philosophy can unhesitatingly affirm. Against all the insistency of "sense and intellect" he sets the not less insistent claims of spirit to an equal, though deeper, recognition. He "relegates" the whole "world of phenomena to a subsidiary place." He accepts the principle of evolution, but it is to give it a new and more extended meaning, for "where organic evolution ends" there, he holds, "the evolution of the soul begins," and it is there that "the life process," to which all nature bears witness, finds its true purpose and consummation.

T. E. PAGE.

A FRENCH STUDY OF CHAUCER.*

In the preface to his translation of Professor Legouis' monograph on Chaucer, M. Lailavoix refers in passing to those recent French writers who "through their patient

* "Geoffrey Chaucer." By Emile Legouis. Translated by L. Lailavoix. 5s. net. (Dent.)

and unostentatious efforts have brought English studies in France to the level of true scholarship, and also have produced from time to time contributions which for accuracy, soundness of judgment, and breadth of treatment are second to none." Our only possible ground of quarrel with M. Lailavoix is that he is much too modest in the claims which he advances in behalf of his fellow-countrymen's labours on the field of our literature. For my part I should go so far as to say that, with little exception, the most vital and illuminating work in English criticism is at present being done in France. The freshness and independence of the French critic's point of view, and his freedom from the disturbing influences of national tradition (powerful with us, like all traditions) are, to begin with, distinct advantages. But the fundamental value of the work in question is, after all, to be explained by reference to the inherent qualities of the French mind and to the methods in which it is trained. French criticism possesses an extraordinary power of penetration—of going to the heart of a subject and disengaging its essential features from the mass of accidental detail. It is at the same time characterised by a largeness of outlook and by a strong sense of perspective, environment, and historical background. More than any other body of criticism it recognises the social forces in literature and brings evolutionary principles to bear upon the matter of art; yet it does this without any sacrifice of the demands of art as such. It has adequate erudition at its command, but that erudition is seldom allowed to get out of hand and destroy the total effect; while the great objects of criticism—interpretation and valuation—are kept steadily in view throughout. The usual purpose of the English critic is to give you his opinion of an author. The usual purpose of the French critic is to show you the author himself. Professor Legouis' book on Chaucer, already well known to students of the poet in the series of "Grands Ecrivains Etrangers," and now available in an excellent translation, is an admirable example of the French critical monograph, which is tantamount to saying that it is a model of its kind. Learned and full, yet lucid and well-proportioned, it leaves us with a most satisfactory impression of thoroughness and balance; the writer's touch is as light as it is sure; and precision of statement is combined with felicity of expression. Though it is at once shorter and less concentrated than "La Jeunesse de Wordsworth," this volume is quite entitled to stand beside that masterly study in which, at a bound, the author placed himself in the front rank of English scholars.

Professor Legouis' plan is to link Chaucer's writings with his life and personality, and both with the conditions and movements of his age. In particular, he is solicitous to follow stage by stage the evolution of the poet's genius and art, and to analyse the influences which helped to produce, now the "Boke of the Duchesse," now "The Hous of Fame," now "Troilus and Criseyde," and now "The Canterbury Tales." Under this head special interest attaches to the chapter entitled "The Making of Chaucer as a Poet," and to the strong emphasis which the author lays in it upon Chaucer's indebtedness to France. This has, of course, been recognised by English as well as by French writers since Sandras led the way in 1859 with his memorable volume, "Chaucer considéré comme Imitateur des Trouvères." But Professor Legouis is not content with repeating what are now the commonplaces of criticism regarding what the English poet borrowed from Machaut, Guillaume de Lorris, and Jean de Meung. He speaks, and rightly, of another kind of indebtedness which Chaucer shows to France—an indebtedness "far greater and more diffused, indefinable, and yet quite certain." He admits with those writers who are anxious to safeguard Chaucer's originality, that his immense direct borrowings in themselves go for little; if Chaucer borrowed and stole, so later did Shakespeare, and Molière, and La Fontaine. But, he argues, the indebtedness to be appreciated "does not consist in some special bounty conferred on him; it is a legacy which he enjoyed, or rather it should not be looked for amongst the gifts of fortune, but in his very nature. His mind was French, like his name. He was a direct descendant of the French *trouvères*, and he had all that was theirs save the language." Nor is this all. It is customary to divide Chaucer's activity as a poet into three periods, and to call these his French period, his Italian period, and his English period. Professor Legouis maintains that this is a mistake. Though it is true that Chaucer's immediate connection with the French poets belongs only to his earlier life, the characteristics which he had in common with them persisted throughout his whole career, and are as well marked in "The Canterbury Tales" as in his first experiments in verse. "All the primary sources of his poetic art must be sought in France." And again: "He is always French, but, as a French writer might do also, he drew treasures from other lands, he saw and marvelled at the beauty of antiquity or of Italy. Thus to a groundwork which never disappeared he added some Italian and Latin variations, and in the end again, it was in his French style and manner that he painted contemporary society in England."

This insistence upon the French derivation and affiliations of Chaucer's poetic art naturally brings Professor Legouis into conflict with those who assert the unbroken continuity of our literature from Anglo-Saxon (or, as it is now proper to say, Old English) times onward. He does not indeed go out of his way to challenge this view in general. But he challenges it vigorously enough so far as it relates to his theme. "Absolutely nothing of the Anglo-Saxon literary past" subsisted, he declares, in Chaucer's verse, "although it was being revived around him, very little modified in form and spirit." It was indeed because Chaucer broke with that past and found his inspiration and models elsewhere that he became the first truly English poet. The clearness with which this historic aspect of the subject is brought out is not the least important feature of Professor Legouis' delightful and valuable book.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

LADY VICTORIA CAMPBELL.*

Lady Campbell, the third daughter of the Duke of Argyll, was called Victoria at the request of the Queen, when Dr. Cumming baptised her. But it was another

* "Lady Victoria Campbell: A Memoir." By Lady Frances Balfour. Third Edition. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Photo by W. Crooke. **Lady Victoria Campbell (1895).**
From "Lady Victoria Campbell," by Lady Frances Balfour. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Dr. Cumming, a retired Indian surgeon, who dubbed her "V.C.," and she must be admitted to have earned the playful title. Her life was a plucky struggle against ill-health. An attack of rheumatism in childhood left her a cripple, in spite of all efforts to cure the disease. It was an exertion to her to move her limbs, and under this severe handicap her life had to be spent. "Fortunately, the disablement came early," her biographer writes, "and became a second nature, but it never ceased to be a conscious trial." At the age of fifteen she was taken to Cannes, where she regained her health after a dangerous illness, but thereafter her sphere was in England and Scotland. She refused to become an indolent invalid. There was a buoyant, unselfish spirit in her, and the cheery tone of the biography is due to the heroic way in which she threw herself into work for others, for cripples, for girls, and especially for the welfare of the Western Highlands and islands. It was this latter part of her work which has stamped her memory upon Scotland. She was fond of travelling, in spite of her physical handicap, and about 1882 resolved to find her special sphere among the islands of the West. She was nothing if not thorough; she set herself to learn Gaelic, and by tact and unselfishness made her way into the heart of the people. Classes for girls and women were started. The social and religious welfare of the folk opened up various lines of practical service for this dauntless lady, and her sheer energy carried her over many an obstacle among the peasantry and officials alike. It was not a smooth task at the outset. She had to contend with more than her physical handicap. Her father was bitterly unpopular in some of the highlands and islands of Argyll, and Tiree, where she began her efforts, was seething with disaffection. Lady Victoria did what the Duke should have done; she went in person to the people, and managed eventually to live down the odium which attached to her family. The story of all this, with its perils by sea and land among the Hebridean Islands, is an inspiring record. Even for a person in normal health, the work achieved would be creditable, but it is doubly remarkable when one remembers the difficulties under which Lady Victoria laboured. They did right to call her "V.C." Her courage and bright spirit were a triumph, and those whom she served so assiduously came to recognize that before long.

The book has pleasant records of her relations with nurses and servants, This is a fine feature of the story. She had also friends in all the churches, though she remained a staunch member of the Church of Scotland.

> "The great awakening of her spiritual life had come to her when she was under the influence of the Free Church of Scotland. She knew and thoroughly understood all the history of that body of Presbyterian belief. She drank of its evangelical fervour, but the fruits of the sin of schism had been seen by her, and she knew it was best to abide in the National Church."

This was largely due to the influence of Professor Charteris. But Lady Campbell could be firm friends with men like Dr. Saphir, Dr. Guthrie, and Dr. John Ker, Mr. Webb-Peploe and Dr. Oswald Dykes. Such catholicity of temper is only one of the many attractive features in her character, which her biographer manages to bring out skilfully. It is an admirably drawn sketch, and it reveals a personality of singular interest in the ranks of aristocratic religious women. They are not always so attractive.

JAMES MOFFATT.

COURAGE IN THE WRITING OF FICTION.*

Courage is the keynote of Mrs. Caulfeild's new novel, "Through the Cloudy Porch," and courage is a characteristic of Mrs. Caulfeild's writing. But courage is manifested in many ways. And, paradoxical though it may sound, the creator of Naomi, the charming protagonist of this story, might with advantage learn a lesson in courage from her own creation. Mrs. Caulfeild's courage is evidenced in two ways. In the first place she has dared to present us with a flawless heroine, thus courting a danger which, had she not the gift of compelling the reader's interest from moment to moment, might well have ended in disaster. In the second place she has dared to risk an anti-climax such as would have wrecked the ordinary novel founded upon plot, by divulging the great secret of Naomi's life before she has got half-way through her story. The fact that, notwithstanding, the author has triumphed, and compels the reader to persevere to the end with little abatement of interest, proves that her courage is justified and that she has those higher qualities which raise a novelist out of the ruck.

Let me therefore say at once, and before I proceed to justify my opening remarks, that this is a novel well worth reading. And further let me say that one proof of its fine quality lies in the fact that it is an achievement which leaves a distinct and vivid mental impression when it is laid aside. And this impression is just such as we find on occasion in all the arts. By some curious mental process, we find the performance in one art translating itself into the complemental terms of quite another art than that in which it has been expressed. We know that many of Whistler's paintings, for example, translate themselves into terms of music.* Just so "Through the Cloudy Porch" translates itself into a picture gallery, such a picture gallery, to compare lesser things with greater, as Carpaccio provided for the School of Saint Ursula. For, on putting down this novel, we seem to have been walking through a gallery in which the artist has exhibited a suite of pictures, some full-length portraits, some kit-cats, some landscapes with figures, some mere thumbnail sketches, all neatly framed and glazed, but all subservient to one beautiful and gracious figure which dominates the whole series, a figure patient and saintly as a Godiva, who faces ordeals for others which nothing on earth would have induced her to face for her own ends. The backgrounds of many of these pictures are painful, some horrible, one indeed so hateful as to be but just permissible, but all necessary by way of accentuating the beauty of Naomi's ever-recurring figure.

And yet, at the risk of being accused of hypercriticism, of "botanising on a parent's grave," I repeat that Mrs. Caulfeild, courageous though she is, might learn a lesson in courage from her heroine, which I believe would prove invaluable to her art. For Naomi's courage is of that highest order which faces that supreme adventure, Life, that supreme awfulness, the Future, full of appalling and unknown possibilities, with brave front and smiling face; the courage which the Creator of All Things, who knows and can see The End, must surely marvel at and admire in his creatures; a courage which (I say it in all reverence) the Creator cannot experience, for Foreknowledge draws the Sting of Fate. And it is a courage which the novelist may share, if he chooses, facing the Future hand in hand with his creations, going with them step by step and refusing to plan beforehand that to which they are predestinate. I am speaking from my own experience as the writer of scores of stories of a very inferior type to this of Mrs. Caulfeild's, and I have proved, at least to my own satisfaction, that the difference of method is so fundamental, so vital indeed, that I doubt if any great novel has ever been written where the author knew when he began, what end his characters would come to. Like Ulysses or Columbus or any other of the great adventurers we are "sailing beyond the sunset" in search of we know not what—imagining a goal when there may be no goal at all. From day to day we are faced with the Veil through which we cannot see. So I say that the novelist who creates his characters, starts with them on a voyage in a chosen direction, and dares with them the Unknown, is more courageous and will prove more convincing than the novelist who adopts the attributes of Providence.

* "Through the Cloudy Porch." By K. M. Edge (Mrs. Caulfeild). 6s. (John Murray.)

* Just as I had written this, I take up last month's BOOKMAN and read of another writer: "He writes in octaves, striking all the chords . . . with either hand."

Let me say in conclusion that I should not have been at the pains to preach this sermonette to a novelist who was not worthy of more than ordinary consideration. But it is my admiration of "Through the Cloudy Porch" which has made it worth while to discourse upon principles in place of paying the poor compliment of indiscriminate praise, or merely academic criticism.

G. S. LAYARD.

A VIEW OF THE RURAL LABOURER.*

As a piece of special pleading "The Tyranny of the Country Side" is the most powerful book that Mr. F. E. Green has yet written. That it is sincere there can be no doubt. Mr. Green is a writer whose views upon the land question are well known, and only the most bigoted opponent could deny that the condition of rural England to-day is anything but satisfactory. But, if the disease is admitted, there are divergent opinions as to the degree of its malignity, and equally divergent opinions as to the cure which should be prescribed, and it is not to be expected that the blankly uncompromising attitude of Mr. Green will find favour even with all those who are in general sympathy with him. For Mr. Green is, indeed, terribly, ruthlessly uncompromising; so much so that, at times, he goes too far in his indictments of rural conditions and diminishes rather than increases one's sympathy by an insistent elaboration of his theme which is at once uncalled for and, from the purely literary standpoint, inartistic. One flagrant example of Mr. Green's summoning adventitious aid is to be seen in his references to the Roman Consul, Agricola, who "laid the foundations of civilization in Britain." "Agricola, the husbandman," Mr. Green calls him twice within half-a-dozen lines, as though Agricola had won this name owing to his successful policy of colonization in this country. The point is not, in itself, of any great importance, but it may serve as an instance of Mr. Green's method. And that he should descend to such unworthy artifices is the more remarkable because, with all his strong convictions, Mr. Green is not a fanatical party man. He does not maintain that that political intimidation over which Liberal orators grow so eloquent at election times—particularly if a Conservative is elected—is solely confined to the Conservatives. In fact he seems to admit that where a Liberal family is territorially strong similar intimidation is exercised.

* "The Tyranny of the Country Side." By F. E. Green. 5s. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

The "tyranny" which he describes is something deeper rooted than that sporadic intimidation which breaks out acutely every five or six years. The tyranny he speaks of is economic rather than political, and it "endures long after the wave of political passion has passed." It is upon the large farmers that Mr. Green especially fastens:

"If one of the governing classes is to be indicted rather than another, it is certainly the large farmer class. For if rural England was once ruled by its magistracy, to-day it is ruled by the large farmers; and it is this class more than any other which is bringing about its decay."

And again:

"The tyranny exercised by the farming class over the labourer is an excoriation that knows no rest. The large farmer is not only on the Parish Council, but is invariably to be found on the Rural District Council, and very often on the County Council. In the employer-landlord of the country-side are to be found the three jaws of Cerberus—the P.C., the R.D.C., and the C.C.—and he is the watchdog to the domains of Pluto, who keeps the labourer imprisoned within the Hades of village life. His dog-in-the-manger policy, of preventing labourers from having access to the land, is one that is detrimental not only to the labourer but to all of us, for it leads to bad tillage."

These passages serve to explain to a great extent why it is that Mr. Green has such a poor opinion of the Rural Magna Charter of 1894, of the Housing and the Public Health Acts and of the Small Holdings Acts. In an imaginary conversation with a typical labourer Mr. Green makes Hodge say that Housing Acts are no good to him, because if he complained to his master who lets him his cottage, or to the sanitary inspector, he would only get turned out on to the roadside. "You don't build any new cottages with your Acts—that's the trouble. You only closes them. What is the good of the Parish Council to us when all the power is left in the hands of the Rural District Councillors? And who are they? Why, the farmers who employ us."

"It is true enough, I think," (says Mr. Green), "that nearly every 'rural reform,' with the exception of the Old-Age Pension, has been costly to the agricultural labourer. The Enclosure Acts squeezed him out of his land. The Public Health Act has squeezed the pig out of his garden pig-stye. The Town Planning Act has squeezed him out of 13,000 cottages, and found him only 116 new ones instead. Bacon Trusts, Cotton Syndicates, and Coal Combines have shorn him of food, fuel and the shirt from his back."

In support of these statements Mr. Green gives many doleful pictures of English country life. He describes with fervour the struggles of the labourers at Winterborne Strickland to get more cottages built; he describes the similar contest at Potterne, near Devizes, in which the labourers, backed by influential friends, gained a victory "at the usual cost—the persecution and boycotting of the principal reformers;" and he tells afresh the story of the evictions at Foxham, Wilts. One chapter is devoted to "The Great Estate" and to the evils of the big landlord; another to "The Lust of Sport;" a third to "The Parson and the Labourer;" and so forth. But what precise remedy Mr. Green offers for all these evils is not quite apparent. One can imagine legislation being enforced which shall secure for the labourer the cottage he lacks and the increased wages which he demands, but how the labourer, when his day's work is done, is to be enabled to vanish out of his employer's ken as completely as can the factory hand of a Lancashire town it is hard to see. The only real remedy, apparently, which Mr. Green here advocates is that all the agricultural labourers should strike and march to Trafalgar Square. But even so Mr. Green does not tell us what he wants to happen when the labourers have won and the manhood of the nation has gone

The roof is off the end cottage, the next is boarded up and uninhabited, whilst the nearest one is doomed. The entire village of Great Rissington is tumbling down in this manner.
From "The Tyranny of the Country Side," by F. E. Green (Fisher Unwin).

down " on its knees to crave their pardon for years of neglect." Is the labourer, like Edmund, to say :

" Well, then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land "

by fair means or foul ? If Mr. Green has his solution to the problem it is a pity that he has not expounded it in direct terms.

M. H. H. M.

GREUZE.*

Mr. Rivers's volume is a really excellent specimen of book-making *à la mode*. The author has not unearthed any fresh material concerning Greuze or his models, and does not pretend that he has ; but he has been carefully through the existing material, and his *rechauffé* is strung together with a good deal of skill and sprightliness. The chief authority on Greuze is, of course, Greuze himself. It is his *Mémoire* that tells us how, in Rome, he came nigh to marrying the fair Princess Letitia—who proposed to him ; and how he actually did marry the Paris bookseller's daughter, Gabrielle Babuti—who also proposed to him. It tells us also of the tragedy that came of the marriage. These two women may be said to have constituted the feminine interest in his life. But it was Gabrielle who was paramount in his art ; she is the lady of " The Listening Girl," " Ariadne," " The Broken Pitcher " ; indeed, she sat for nearly all those embodiments of tenderly voluptuous young-womanhood which have endeared Greuze to succeeding generations. There were other models ; Greuze was a good portraitist and a bad history-painter, as well as the initiator of his own inimitable *genre*. But no other persisted through his painting as did Mademoiselle Babuti.

Next to her, we should say that the most important influence in Greuze's career was Diderot. The early picture of " The Father of a Family explaining the Bible," attracted the critic's attention in the first place, and originated the life-long friendship between the two men. It was Diderot, alas, who was responsible for introducing Greuze to the society of the fascinating little bookseller of the Quai des Augustins. " I myself loved her well," wrote the Encyclopædist in his later years, meaning that he liked occasionally to pass the time of day with her ; and his ready praise of her " goodness " doubtless did something towards bringing the painter to the point, as he ungallantly said, of promising her " everything she desired," for Greuze, while willing to flirt, was very much afraid to wed. But if anybody " boomed " Greuze's art it was Diderot with his long-winded praise, and well-calculated blame—a discreet mixture that would have made public indifference an impossibility in any case. Moreover, it was he who urged Greuze to be the Greuze we love, and to stick to moral stories told in pictures. Thus has Greuze come by the title of the French Hogarth. The superficial resemblance of Greuze's art to Hogarth's, so far as intention was concerned, is obvious. The actual difference between them is well summed up by Professor Muther, in his " History of Modern Painting " :

" Hogarth *scourged* the vices of the Third Estate in order to raise them to morality. . . . Hogarth swung over these human animals the stout cudgel of morality in the manner of a sturdy policeman and Puritan bourgeois. With such a people a delicate forbearance would have been misplaced. . . . Greuze employs the Third Estate as a mirror of virtue, sets forth its noble qualities as an edification to an aristocracy that has grown vicious. . . . He knew that he dared not exact too much from the nerves of his noble public ; he merely wished to stir them to a soft vibration."

What admirably " soft vibrations " his voluptuous innocences or veiled immodesties excite ! How vain to apply to them the sterner codes of criticism ! How idle even to judge Greuze's personal character by the ordinary standards of humanity ! Weak to a degree, with the superabundant childish vanity of true weakness, high-tempered and rough-tongued when he was crossed, often not a little ludicrous—this is one, and the more noisy, side of the picture his biographers present. On the other side is writ domestic long-suffering, a wonderful compassion and goodness towards his less fortunate fellow-man, and a truly sympathetic understanding of woman. The latter sympathy perhaps went deeper than the modern world imagines. When Greuze died, poor and neglected :

" A scene, as moving as it was unexpected, gave a touch of life to the simplicity of his obsequies. As the body was about to be taken out of the church . . . . a young person, whose emotion and tears could be seen beneath the veil which covered her face, approached the coffin. She placed a bouquet of immortelles upon it, and immediately retired to the back of the church, and there continued her prayers. The stems of the flowers in the bouquet were tied together in a paper wrapper, on which was written these words : ' These flowers, offered by his most grateful pupils, are the emblem of his glory.' "

The incident suggests a good deal more than perfunctory grief or gratitude.

We have wandered a little way from Greuze's models, but so has our author—rightly so, for Greuze, apart from his age and his associates, including even Diderot's immortal " Rameau's Nephew," would not be Greuze. A symphony in F., as Whistler intimated, should not merely be a continued repetition of F, F, F.

F. M.

* Greuze and His Models. By John Rivers. With 44 Full-page Plates. 10s. 6d. (Hutchinson & Co.)

THE STARRY LINE.*

Father O'Neill having set out to make a selection of the great English poetry for the use of students—he is Professor of English in University College, Dublin—has gone on to make an anthology to please his own taste, and an interesting and delightful volume he has made. Apart from the voluminous notes there is nothing of the school-book about this selection : no air of turning the great poetry into an exercise to the weariness of young readers. His taste is very good and very Catholic. It is arresting to find in a book of the kind the selections from Blake, quite off the beaten track, and the unhackneyed choice from the Elizabethans. Father O'Neill begins with Chaucer and ends with De Vere, about the middle of the nineteenth century. Naturally, with such a wide field to roam over, he was obliged to limit his selections. We hope this book may be much in use as a school-book. What a possession for the imaginative boy or girl, somewhat cramped as to reading for delight, to come upon this modest but precious book, with its selections from practically all the great poets of the five centuries ! If one misses the " Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," which is certainly one of the first, if not the first and greatest, of English poems, one is consoled by Milton's " Ode on the Nativity," by Crashaw's " Mary Magdalen," and by " Sir Patrick Spens," —immortals all. Father O'Neill gives some remarks on reading poetry aloud which are excellently to the point, and one feels assured that with his students at least divine Poesy will not be made the handmaid of a competitive examination. He has realised the truth that poetry should be overheard rather than heard ; and one trusts that his opinions on the subject may carry weight so as to encourage in schools the reading of poetry aloud, not in the stilted and lifeless way of the ordinary reciter, but with passion, with sincerity, with appreciation. Then there shall be a new and a beautiful accomplishment added to those already in request. The Irish, dramatic people as they are, should find the reading of poetry as easy as the acting of plays. He is a benefactor of his kind who will make an open door to this realm of gold, in which hitherto only the elect have wandered ; for it is a hardly recognised fact, nevertheless a fact, that poetry well read or recited will win ten lovers for the one who will discover it in the printed page.

K. T. H.

* " Five Centuries of English Poetry." By the Rev. George O'Neill, S.J. 3s. 6d. (Longmans.)

GLIMPSES OF THE PAST.*

This is the record of mid-Victorian life from the windows of a High Church educationalist who belonged to the Wordsworth class, and who had opportunities of seeing far and wide. One of the features which strikes the modern reader of Victorian autobiographies or biographies is the vogue of Miss Charlotte Yonge's novels, and especially of the "Heir of Redclyffe." Mr. Mackail, in his life of William Morris, speaks of the influence which the story exerted over Morris and his circle, and adds that "in this book, more than in any other, may be traced the religious ideals and social enthusiasms which were stirring in the years between the decline of Tractarianism and the Crimean war." Dr. Hort was more critical in his attitude. He praised the book, but noted its avoidance of all perplexing questions about theology and morals. "In short, it is bread without yeast." Miss Yonge's church-principles naturally appealed to Miss Wordsworth, and the novelist appears more than once in this volume of reminiscences. She is even compared, not to her discredit, with Jane

Susanna Wordsworth, wife of the Bishop of Lincoln.

From a painting by E. V. Eddis (1883).
From "Glimpses of the Past," by Elizabeth Wordsworth (Mowbray & Co.).

Austen, although Miss Wordsworth tells how Mrs. Humphry Ward, after Bishop Stubbs' lecture upon the death of Henry II., exclaimed eagerly: "It was as bad as the 'Heir of Redclyffe.'" The prestige of Miss Yonge is a problem for those who belong to the next generation, but it was real prestige, and evidently it was not confined to girls and the novel-reading public. Conington is another figure in these reminiscences. He was an intimate friend of Miss Wordsworth's brother John, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury. But her reminiscences of him and of Wilberforce are slight. There is a little more about Ruskin, and also about Jowett, who helped Miss Wordsworth and her allies in the fight for the higher education of women at Oxford. This is the main interest of these memoirs, though it is but slightly sketched. Lady Margaret Hall was started in 1879, and when Miss Wordsworth resigned in 1909, after thirty years' service as principal, the number of students had risen from eight to sixty-four. But the early days of the movement brought their own discouragement. Her brother was lukewarm. When she consulted him about accepting the appointment he replied: "Well, if I thought your not going would put an end to the whole thing, I should say, Don't go: but as I don't suppose it will, I think you had better accept." Even orthodox Anglicans, who might have been expected to favour the constitution of Lady Margaret Hall, looked askance. The opinion was that if women wanted to be active, they should enter a sisterhood. However, Miss Wordsworth and her companions managed to secure some powerful support, and eventually the Hall was firmly established.

Two of the most interesting parts of the book are the description of Ruskin's visit, and of the opening of Keble College. The latter appealed to Miss Wordsworth. She declares, by the way, that the dominant idea in her mind, as the result of her long experience, is "the need of a religious basis in the lives of all educated women."

There is a misquotation from Jane Austen on p. 61. Emma did not say to Mr. Knightley, "I used to call you George, when I was saucy, to tease you." What she said was: "I remember once calling you George in one of my amiable fits, about ten years ago. I did it because I thought it would offend you."

J. M.

* "Glimpses of the Past." By Elizabeth Wordsworth. With eight Illustrations. (A. R. Mowbray & Co., Ltd.)

THE INEVITABLE WAR-BOOK.*

It is probable that the world means to deny itself the luxury of a second Kinglake; its wars will shape themselves like crimes, in secrecy and darkness, and the world outside them will not learn the horror and vileness of the details of which they are composed. Even the Bulgarians, of all nations in Europe the most conscious of and sensitive to the Press, find it expedient to hide their heavy bayonet charges, though no correspondent, no spy, even, could have done anything to render them less effective. The ideal of the general staff was a swift and furtive war, without heroes, without renown, without a record of those things which were done in the Thracian villages which might make their adventure disreputable, and a big booty of conquered territory to justify the whole.

Mr. Grant, who contributes to this book an account of his experiences with the main Turkish army, profited by its disorganisation to see a good deal of the retreat upon the Chataldja lines and its sufferings there when the cholera made its appearance. As a press photographer, his business was to seek and to see incidents rather than to gain any survey of the campaign, and since an incident may be eminently worth photographing while yet it misrepresents conditions, he was probably a much more dangerous companion for an army in the field than his collaborator, Mr. Gibbs, who saw practically nothing of the war. He contrives, however, to present an interesting picture of that retreat, which should have been a rear-guard action keeping the Bulgarians deployed and wearing them out, but was a *sauve qui peut*.

"Never shall I forget that ride in the dark night to Chorlu, the vague forms of the retreating army passing with us and around us like an army of ghosts, the strange, confused noise of stumbling feet, of voices crying to each other, of occasional groans, of clanking arms, of chinking bits and bridles, the sense of terror that seemed to walk with this army in flight, the acuteness of our own senses, highly strung, apprehensive of unknown dangers, oppressed by the gloom of this mass of tragic humanity."

That was the army to defeat which the Bulgarian forces were organised. Possibly against no other troops in Europe could their tactics have been successful, their bayonet charges against infantry intrenched and their great movements of massed bodies. Even as it was, their losses were enormous, and it is noteworthy that against Adrianople and the forts of Chataldja they made no headway at all.

* "Adventures of War with Cross and Crescent." By Philip Gibbs and Bernard Grant. 2s. net. (Methuen.)

It was before Adrianople that Mr. Gibbs had his view of war at a distance. Much of his share in this book is devoted to a description of what he saw and did at Sofia, Starasagora and on trains; twice he speaks of a "street of adventure." The censorship, which caused him to be arrested and expelled from the front—in as far as Mustafa Pasha was the front—prevented him from viewing much more of actual fighting than shells bursting at a distance, but he makes the most of his sojourn at Mustafa Pasha, its mud and its crawling columns of transport. "The noise of all this struggling mass of men and beasts stunned my ears, made me dazed, almost drunk," he writes. To go home to his lodgings after dark was "a perilous adventure." He "stumbled upon a bullock waggon," and "saved myself from being trampled to death." The sense of wonder and adventure transfigures everything for him; even the old Turkish bath-house, where the field-telegraph stores were stacked, is touched with glamour and becomes "a tiny Roman temple." Returning from an excursion in the direction of Adrianople, he describes the search-lights of the besieged town "touching the crests of the hills with silvery rings and searching into the hollows of the valleys," which sounds like a thing imagined rather than a piece of observation.

"Then waving arms of light enveloped me for a moment in their glory. It seemed as if the eyes of Adrianople had searched me out, a little, lonely figure in the great darkness, stumbling over the rock-strewn ground."

This book is a testimony to the decline of the war-correspondent. If Bulgarian officials had had the courage of Bulgarian infantry men, they would have declined at the outset to receive newspaper-men, and the foreign Press would have been saved from an unpleasant contact with the unintelligent and arbitrary officials of the censorship bureau. It is strange that a civilization which has made the newspaper necessary to itself should so distrust it, that it should prefer the emotional misadventures of Mr. Gibbs to, say, a narrative of actuality by an Archibald Forbes.

The photographs with which the book is illustrated are excellent, and that which serves for frontispiece is particularly fine.

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER.*

In the American "Who's Who," are 10,000 persons of note, and 1,000 of them are sons of ministers. In proportion to population, only 50 should have won mention. There is as striking a disproportion in the multitude of the sons of clergy entered in that book of fame, our "National Dictionary of Biography." So at least I am told. But after whiling away a period of convalescence with incessant novel reading—as bad for the mind as chain cigarette smoking for the body—I am rewarded by the great discovery that the daughters of the clergy are more important in modern fiction than the sons of the clergy are in modern life. For instance, out of the eight stories I have last read, three are entirely concerned with the love affairs of parsons' daughters. None of the three ladies is beautiful: but a couple of dukes and a lord, a baronet and a commoner of great wealth, fall deeply in love with them. Another curious point is that Mr. Edward Burke in "Bachelor's Buttons," Mr. Victor L. Whitechurch in "Left in Charge" and Miss Kate Horn in "Susan and the Duke," are agreed that the girls of the manse stand no chance beside the young ladies of rectory and vicarage. The writers do not explain. Was it the dukes who, finding the rectory very close to the castle, set the fashion? Or did a band of parsons' daughters take to writing novels in the old days, and portray themselves—or their sister—as heroine? If so, the daughters of the Free Churches are now suffering from their grandparents' disdain of the lighter sort of literature.

There seems still some dispute in regard to the traits of the most fashionable of heroines. Miss Kate Horn thinks that life in a picturesque rural rectory would bring out all the soft, gentle, clinging qualities of a girl: and the two dukes retain apparently the early Victorian ideal of feminine grace. Mr. Burke and Mr. Whitechurch are more modern: they concur in admiring the parson's daughter for her fighting qualities. Miss Soapy in "Bachelor's Buttons" and Miss Wrenfield in "Left in Charge," run their respective parishes. Miss Soapy is a darling. A plain little charming girl of twenty-two, she emerges in the act of thrashing a drunken villager. She shows the man's wife—a big, powerful, timid woman—how to manage him with a stick, and waits in the cottage to see that her first lesson in management is carried out in a practical manner. It is about a week since I read "Bachelor's Buttons," and I am still in love with Miss Soapy. She is painted for us by the shyest of bachelors that ever lived in novel-land. His character wavers on the line that divides comedy from farce: but so fine is the art of Mr. Burke that the novel never becomes farcical. It is uncommonly humorous and uncommonly entertaining, with an exquisite play of original observation and tender whimsical feeling. I can recommend it as a tonic for convalescents.

Miss Wrenfield of "Left in Charge" only filled me with respect and rather distant admiration. A middle-aged spinster, somewhat soured and narrowed by the work unfairly thrown on her by her father and mother, she has character but no charm. Happily she meets a man sickened of charm in women and sceptic of their strength of character. He is a clergyman from the Australian bush, and he takes charge of the parish for a few months, while the old vicar goes away for his health. Miss Wrenfield's fighting qualities are then angrily displayed: for the stranger is very masterful, and takes everything into his own hands. The struggle between the rightful princess of the village and the powerful usurper is depicted by Mr. Whitechurch in a very engaging way. He never aims directly at picturesqueness, but his quiet style is very telling: freshness and trueness give distinction to his picture of a pastoral village on the Downs. I could have done without the episode, somewhat in the manner of Mr. William Le Queux, of a Foreign Office affair, in which a wicked German spy seduces the vicar's son from the path of patriotism.

In "Susan and the Duke" the melodramatic element predominates. There is a bold, bad, brilliant, beautiful woman, who tries to rob a parson's daughter of the love of a couple of dukes. I feel sure she will stand comparison with "The Worst Woman in London." Miss Horn, however, is not naturally melodramatic: she has native gifts of vivacity, humour and satire which are genuinely entertaining. I should advise her to cultivate them at the expense of her newly acquired taste for impossible monsters. Susan and the younger duke and the old retainers are depicted in a life-like way; and I did not put down the book until I had seen the shy little parson's daughter safely married to her ducal lover.

Yet melodrama and fine tragedy are, to my way of thinking, somewhat allied. Some of the best of our novelists of the present day are weakened by a fear of being melodramatic. It is by beginning with melodramatic novels, like "Desperate Remedies" that a writer learns to handle tragical figures like "Tess." Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus" is a crude and frigid horror; but in composing it the poet learned to rise afterwards to the sublimity of "Lear." Miss Ethel M. Dell begins her novel "The Knave of Diamonds" with a brutal baronet who falls in love with his bailiff's daughter, and forces the girl to marry him in order to save her father from penal

* "Bachelor's Buttons." By Edward Burke. 6s. (Herbert Jenkins.)—"Left in Charge." By Victor L. Whitechurch. 6s. (John Long.)—"Susan and the Duke." By Kate Horn. 6s. (Stanley Paul & Co.)—"The Knave of Diamonds." By Ethel M. Dell. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)—"The Friendly Enemy." By T. P. Cameron Wilson. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)—"The Arm-chair at the Inn." By F. Hopkinson Smith. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)—"Tim and the Squire." By Lilian Street. 2s. net. (Putnam.)

servitude. Starting from this hackneyed and only dimly realised situation, she develops the story with remarkable power. Her chief characters are unusual. The hero is a Red Indian half-breed, who reminds me rather of an unbalanced and very savage type of mulatto. His inner traits seem negroid rather than Red Indian. On several occasions in the book, he practically goes Fantee. The action of the story is violent. The savage wants the wicked baronet's adorable wife to run away with him. He is eager to shoot the husband and carry off the lady by force and trickery. To add to the horror of the plot, the baronet also becomes a madman with homicidal tendencies. All these elements of a melodrama, however, are transformed into a fine study of human nature in its intensest mood, by the truth and insight and humanity with which the young novelist draws her characters.

When a father brings his daughter to London and leaves her for a moment, and then loses his powers of memory, all sorts of things are likely to happen. In "In Search of Each Other," Miss Sophie Cole takes care that only pleasant things shall befall the lost father and his bewildered daughter. For Marcelle is a pretty and a capable girl, and she settles in Soho and lives in a circle of entertaining Bohemians. Among them are a young dentist and a woman journalist, both drawn with a light gay touch. The dentist falls in love with the daughter and the woman journalist with the lost father, and everything ends happily in this happy little world. More thoughtful and more humorous is "The Friendly Enemy" by a new writer, T. P. Cameron Wilson. A fantasia of the London slums with a socialistic man of wealth as the god from the machine, it is a brilliant and unusual piece of work. Miss Lilian Street's novel "Tim and the Squire" is a pretty essay in sentiment which is certain to be popular among women: while Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's "The Armchair at the Inn" is likely to appeal more to men of letters. Mr. Hopkinson Smith is in the same boat as the needy knife-grinder: he has no story to tell. But being the most versatile of living men—mechanical engineer, Government contractor, lighthouse builder, lecturer, a painter with a fine reputation, and, now at the age of seventy-three an agreeably discursive writer—he has a store of anecdotes, reflections and entertaining remarks, out of which he has composed a very pleasant and freshly conceived volume.

EDWARD WRIGHT.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN SOMERSET.*

Even the most superficial of "skimmers" cannot fail to recognize the enthusiasm of Mr. Edward Hutton's writing on Somerset. Quite clearly it is for him *the* English county. "It seems to me that I think of it as perhaps the last stronghold of English life, of English poetry and legend. It keeps alive for me and in me the ideal England of my heart. . . ." And so you will find him a very pleasant companion in your wanderings about the county. His information seems to be almost inexhaustible; he can write very pleasantly indeed when he likes, and he possesses that peculiar tactfulness by the exercise of which the Philistine is guided insensibly to admire the proper things in the proper manner. Yet we are not sure that we are altogether entranced by Mr. Hutton's method. It would have been better, possibly, to have given us a little more of Somerset and a little less of himself. There is no reason that we can see why the guide-book of an English county should be made a medium for a series of attacks upon Protestantism in general and Anglicanism in particular. One notes, for instance, that Wells Cathedral is "full of sweetness and all delight, in spite of the stale odour of Anglicanism, which, alas! everywhere pervades it, and which its beauty, gaiety, and enthusiasm continually deny"; and again, in speaking of Glastonbury, Mr. Hutton

* "Highways and Byways in Somerset." By Edward Hutton. With 100 Illustrations by Nelly Erichsen, and a Map. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)

Wells: Part of the Bishop's Palace.

From "Highways and Byways in Somerset" (Macmillan).

is even more emphatic: "No one can look upon these ruins and be at peace. For if he be of the faith which is founded upon this shameful and cruel ruin, these poor stones are a continual and unanswerable reproach before which he can but hang his head; and if he be of the old Faith, how can he restrain his tears, or remembering modern England and our misery, how shall he not be angry and afraid? But it is impossible and useless to comment upon a murder and a sacrilege so foul and bloody." All this sort of thing seems to us to be out of place in what is intended to be—and otherwise is—a popular and readable account of Somersetshire. It is a pity that it should prejudice the reader (as it may do) against Mr. Hutton's book. For Miss Nelly Erichsen's many fine illustrations one can have nothing but praise.

HENRY NEWBOLT'S POEMS.*

One of the most hopeful facts about modern poetry is, it has so many tendencies that it seems to have none. Twenty years ago the poets were divided up into the schools of Tennyson, Swinburne, Browning; and where are those school-parties now? It has happened, as it always will, that, school-time being over, the scholars have gone away and only the Masters remain. Nowadays it is not so easy to group our living bards and dismiss each group with a label. Thomas Hardy has his followers; Kipling his; Yeats his; but the majority of our poets, though they may have affinities with one or with all of these three, are not slavish imitators; the music they are beating out, whether it be a great music or not, is at least, in the main, their own. Some of them are, perhaps, mistaking strong language for strength of feeling and imagination; some are cheating themselves with a notion that to be eccentric is to be original; many of them are too daintily given over to verbal prettiness and tricks of technique, as if they had not lived enough yet to learn that poetry is an essentially human thing, born of human experience, and

* "Poems New and Old." By Henry Newbolt. 5s. net. (John Murray.)

not a select butterfly-pastime to be played only in gardens of artificial flowers. We have outgrown the rather childish ideal of the poet as a lonely creature singing apart on remote peaks, and we know that unless he is first a man among men he will never become a god among gods. For this reason one looks askance on a certain latter-day weakness for founding select clubs and societies of poets, and publishing magazines devoted exclusively to poetry. That is not the way to do it. You starve and warp the poet when you segregate him in that fashion; he will certainly learn less to his purpose by joining a Club of Poets than if he went roughing it with natural men in the Territorials or became a member of the Ancient Order of Buffaloes. The man who limits his circle to poets, and reads, thinks, talks nothing but poetry will never be much of a poet himself. After all, you must gather your sticks before you can light your fire, and you must know more than one type of man and one phase of life before you can write of such matters to any purpose.

The weakness of most modern poetry is that it is too anæmic, too merely pretty and preciously insincere; and this because our poets draw their inspiration from each other and from books instead of taking their gloves off and handling life for themselves. We have perhaps half-a-dozen living who have each his individual note, and who write as if they were robust, flesh-and-blood human creatures, with interests that are common to the rest of us; and one of these is Mr. Henry Newbolt. With such stirring ballads as "Drake's Drum," "Admirals All," "The Fighting Téméraire," "The Sailing of the Long-ships," "The Old Superb," "Sailing at Dawn," he appeals mightily to the national spirit, the patriotic pride of every Englishman who has any feeling for the glory of his heritage; in "Clifton Chapel," "Vitaï Lampada," he has written some of the noblest and most inspiriting of public-school songs; these are the distinctive things in his work, but outside this range he has written enough poetry of a miscellaneous kind to make him a separate reputation—graceful and charming lyrics and ballads of the love and homelier joys and sorrows of quieter life; but, when all is said, you turn again for his highest achievements to those school songs and to those great ballads of seafaring and sea-fighting that first made him known to us. They sprang into an immediate popularity, and have ended, as they deserved to, in becoming famous.

It is fifteen years since "Admirals All" made its appearance, and this collected edition of Mr. Newbolt's poems includes the contents of that volume, and of the three that followed it: "The Island Race," "The Sailing of the Long-ships," and "Songs of Memory and Hope." There are also here ten poems that have not hitherto been published between covers, and of these "The Little Admiral," "Sailing at Dawn," and "The Song of the Guns at Sea" are as dramatic and vigorously imaginative and sing themselves as irresistibly as the best and best-known of his ballads of our sea-kings.

THE FLOWING ROAD.*

The sub-title of this book, "Adventures on the Great Rivers of South America," will explain adequately the rather enigmatic title. Since 1902 Mr. Whitney has made no less than five river expeditions in South America, and he gives us here the cream of his experiences. And yet he has failed, somehow, to write a really interesting volume. It lacks to a singular and depressing degree the fascination of the tropical wilds. It is not that Mr. Whitney is without romance (the undertaking of these dangerous and formidable journeys proves the opposite), but that he is unable to give us the magic glow without which all these descriptions of the forests and of the rivers are so many dry bones. The statistics of travel and sport are nearly always dreary in themselves, and frequently, moreover, muddle the reader rather than enlighten him. And yet, related artistically and with the ability to build up a sense of atmosphere, they can be strangely moving. It is a rare gift, given to few. And Mr. Whitney is not one of the few. His book is excellent from the point of view of observation, tireless courage and energy, and the spirit of adventure, but it just lacks the one thing needful, for he is not impressive, he has not the artist's gift; and to English readers his use of Americanisms is very distasteful, though it is hardly fair to blame him for this.

His journeys took him up or down many a famous river. He has voyaged upon the Orinoco in Venezuela, upon the Rio Negro in Brazil, upon the Parana in Argentine. He has skirted the Cordilleras of Colombia, crossed the Andes into Chile, penetrated the pampas of Argentine and the forests of Brazil. He knows South America from one end to the other, he has seen the real life of the Indians and the jungle, he has shot jaguar, deer, tapir, capybara—almost

* "The Flowing Road." By Caspar Whitney. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

Photo by G. & M. Brown.

San Fernando de Apure in the rainy season.

From "The Flowing Road," by Caspar Whitney (Heinemann).

every big type of mammal of the continent. And, with it all, he has the true soul of adventure and not merely that lust for slaughter which actuates so many daring men to feats of endurance. He is the sort of man who will probably go on wandering till the end of his life, a modern Burton as it were. And, like Burton, he will, no doubt, continue to write books of his travels (he has written a fair number already), valuable books of their kind, but books which won't be read for long. Who reads Burton nowadays, apart from the Mecca volume and his translations? This is the fate that overtakes the work of so many of these eager men who are anxious to share with you the joys of the wilderness, but are unable to make them appear engrossing. RICHARD CURLE.

CALE YOUNG RICE'S NEW POEMS.*

There are certain lyrical qualities in the dramas of Mr. Cale Young Rice, and certain dramatic qualities in many of his finest lyrics that make it very difficult for the critic to resolve whether he is at his highest as singer or as dramatist. "Porzia" is a poetic play in which these two gifts blend with subtle and powerful effectiveness. It is not written in the stereotyped heroic verse, but in sensitive metrical lines that vary in beat and measure with the strength, the tenderness, the anguish, bitterness, and passion of love or hate that they have to express. The bizarre and poignant central incident on which the action of "Porzia" turns is such as would have appealed irresistibly to the imagination and dramatic instincts of the great Elizabethan dramatists, and Mr. Rice has developed it with a force and imaginative beauty that only they could have equalled, and with a restraint and delicacy of touch which makes pitiful and beautiful a story that they would have clothed in horror and grimmest tragedy. He turns what might have been a tragic close to something that is loftier and more moving than the mere slaying of a villain by the man he had wronged. If you turn to his latest volume of lyrics, "Far Quests," you find the same poetic vision, intense humanity, and emotional power giving soul and music to his songs. Such a lyrical ballad as "The Wife of Judas Iscariot" startles and grips the imagination with its stark sense of dark terror and the simple directness of its drama; and for contrast there is the breezy ecstasy of "Highland Joy," and the grace of thought and feeling of the homelier "Recompense," or of "Sufficings" (addressed to A.H.R.), with its infinite riches of meaning in a little room:

"Day for the mind,
But night for the soul;
Sun for delight,
But moon to console;
Song for the glad,
But silence for rest;
God for the world—
But you for my breast."

It matters little that we hesitate between ranking Mr. Rice highest as dramatist or lyrist; what matters is that he has the faculty divine beyond any living poet of America; his inspiration is true, and his poetry is the real thing.

THE LAND OF MUSCOVY.†

"Westward the course of Empire takes its way." So runs the one rememberable line of Berkeley's one poem, enunciating a general truth of racial and national expansion. In this, as in many other respects, Russia is exceptional, for its movement has been generally towards the rising sun, from the long distant entry of the Eastern Slavs out of the Carpathians into the Russian plain, down to the present time when its railways have crept along to the Pacific shore, and its range of influence has widened out into Persia. Another singular fact is that, in moving to the East, Russia has encountered the West. How the Russian occupation of North-Eastern Asia may affect the North American continent is yet to be seen. It is a remote and perhaps needless speculation. It is otherwhere that difficulty may arise. I am just old enough to have caught some echoes of the Jingo days when Russia was the general enemy. Now, in these even more scare-worn times, it is Germany that fetches the gallery in topical allusions and disturbs the slumbers of trembling imperialists; but, in spite of that, I fancy the Foreign Office is less consistently troubled by Teutonic adventures in more or less open spaces than by thoughts of that Asian region of anxiety where Bear and Lion climb slowly towards each other over the Roof of the World.

In letters, too, as well as in politics, Russia and England are drawn very near together. Russian literature, for all its apparent remoteness and its alien language, is far more widely read and far more powerful as an influence here than the literature of (say) modern Germany. Tolstoy is quite acclimatised and has become a sort of institution; Turgenev, beloved of those who dislike the hot-gospelling of Tolstoy, has been elevated by those same people into a gospel of the novelistic art; and Dostoievsky, long known to discriminating readers, is rapidly increasing in fame among the general public.

Russian history, therefore, lies quite close to the interests of many British readers; and there should be a warm welcome for this rendering of Kluchevsky's well-known work. He is the Green of Russian history. His theme is the Russian people, and his standpoint that of the sociologist. When the inevitable strangeness of new fact and circumstance has been overcome, the English reader will find himself quite at home in the atmosphere of Kluchevsky's narrative; for the art of the Russian writers who are best known in England is art that has (to borrow a phrase from Mr. Yeats) a genuine geography. Mind, such a phrase as this must not be turned into a catch-word. A genuine geography is not a necessity of any art. Some of the greatest works are not only for all time but of all space. It is not the genuinely geographical part of "Hamlet" that has made it the most popular play in the world. However, there are some writers who are specially interpretative of places—Hardy and Synge, for instance. The great Russian writers seem to do even more: they interpret not only a place, but a nation—just as Kipling (to take an opposite example) with all his strenuous insistence on patriotism, imperialism, and the other national assets, does not interpret either England or the English, or just as Sienkicwicz, in that epic trilogy of novels, interests us greatly in his story, but does not interpret Poland or the Polish to us as do the poems of Mickiewicz. In the country of Kluchevsky's narrative the English reader will move familiarly, because it is the country of Tolstoy and Turgenev, of Gogol and Dostoievsky. Take for example such a passage as this:

"Everywhere the swamps and forests of Great Russia of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries confronted the settler with a thousand unforeseen risks, difficulties, and hardships. Consequently he learned to watch nature very closely ('to keep an eye open on both sides of him,' as the saying is), to scan and probe the ground on which he walked, and never to attempt the passage of a strange river where there was not a ford. All this bred in him resourcefulness in the face of minor perils and difficulties, and inured him to patient wrestling with hardship and misfortune. No people in Europe is so unspoiled, so handy, so taught not to wait upon nature or fortune, so long-suffering under adversity, as the Great Russian. The peculiar features of the country caused its every hole and corner to beset the settler with some new and difficult industrial problem to solve. Wherever he thought of establishing his homestead he had first of all to study the locality and its conditions, that he might know what it had to offer in the way of profitable resources. Hence originated the extraordinary faculty of observation which we see disclosed in the Great Russian *primieti*, or popular nature-sayings—sayings in which we see caught with astonishing fidelity all the characteristic, yet frequently most elusive, phenomena of nature's yearly round in central Russia. In them we see noted her multitudinous phases, both climatic and industrial, and the entire annual routine of the rural homestead sketched. The seasons of the year, the months—nay,

* "Porzia." By Cale Young Rice.—"Far Quests." By Cale Young Rice. 5s. net each. (London: Hodder & Stoughton. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.).

† "A History of Russia." By V. O. Kluchevsky. Translated by C. J. Hogarth. In 3 Vols. Vols. I. and II., 7s. 6d. net each. (Dent.)

almost every day of every month, find their place in this series, with their several climatic and industrial features duly distinguished. Moreover, these observations of nature not only give us a clear picture of the physical phenomena described, but also furnish us with a portrait of the observer himself. We can see him contemplating his surroundings, and thinking how best he can identify them with the names and festivals of his saints, since it was the Church's calendar which served him both as a note-book of nature-observation and diary for the register of his thoughts concerning his daily toil. The Church, too, it was which first taught him, not only to use his powers of observation, but also to reckon time by fasts and festivals; with the result that he came to connect those fasts and festivals with all the natural objects by which he found himself surrounded."

This, surely, has that interpretative note of which we have spoken. You will notice, by the way, how well the translation reads. Mr. Hogarth is the most modest of men. He refuses himself the justifiable privilege of note or preface and confines himself to a bare name on the title-page. I hope he has his reward; for a more excellent piece of difficult and extended translation it is impossible to imagine. I suggest to Mr. Hogarth and the publishers that the addition of a map or two and a chronological summary would greatly increase the attractiveness of the work for the general reader. There is yet time; for a third volume is still to appear.

Our quoted passage is descriptive of Great Russia. That region does not come into the earliest story. The country as we now know it is the offspring of Little Russia and the mother-city is Kiev, not Moscow. The name "Russia" itself is comparatively modern, for it did not replace "Rus" in general use till the close of the seventeenth century. Moreover, for a long time, Rus, to Western ears, meant the Polish-Lithuanian kingdom, rather than the Muscovite dominion. In quite a special sense the history of Russia is the history of colonization. The mysterious movement of peoples, and especially the Tatar invasion of the Ukraine, scattered the Russians over a wider area. Kievan Rus, broadened out into the Upper Volga region till it included the whole of Great Russia, and the expansion has steadily gone on until, within living memory, the Pacific shores were reached. Kluchevsky sums up this movement in an instructive paragraph:

"The chief stages of migration group themselves into four periods, which, if named according to the localities in which the Russian population (or such portions of it as helped to make history) was massed during each epoch, may be termed the Dnieperian, Upper Volgan, Great Russian, and Pan-Russian periods, respectively; if, according to the political regimes in force at the time the Town Province, Principality, Muscovite Empire, and Russian Empire periods; and if according to their respective economic systems—the Forest-Industrial, Free Agricultural Labour, Military Landowning, and Serf-Labour epochs of Russian history."

It is from this point of view that Kluchevsky tells his story; and to the thoughtful observer of political phases there is a curious interest in noticing how the simple clan-leadership of early days developed by gradual stages into a general autocracy, divinely ordered and appointed, and involving complete subjection of life and property to a ruling family. It is significant, too, that each extension of royal authority was accompanied by a further extension of national slavery. From which it would appear that Russian history, besides its interest, has also its lessons.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

Novel Notes.

HARRY THE COCKNEY. By Edwin Pugh. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

Mr. Pugh is always at his best when he is not hampered with any plot but sets himself to fashion some natural human entity and tell the story of his life as minutely, as realistically as if it were all merely true and he had imagined none of it. Here he writes the autobiography of a born Cockney; not of a typical Cockney, for, as he rightly says, there is no such being, but of a man who was born in London, and grew up "subject to all the common influences of circumstance and training and environment that London brings to play" upon his character. Harry Weaver was the son of a Marylebone barber; descended from many generations of barbers; he is a diffident boy who has to fight against a sort of inherent timidity of disposition; he has the somewhat menial spirit of his race, and is a curious blend of subservience, industry, flashy vanity, seriousness and snobbishness. The barber's shop, his father, the queer assistant, the masterful old grandmother who dominates the establishment—the whole thing is pictured with wonderful accuracy, and you are made to realise the boy's daily life amid such surroundings, to share his dreams and breathe his very atmosphere. You are with him at the board-school; and appreciate the feelings with which, imitating the swaggerings of robuster boys, he entered upon his first crude flirtations with the small girls there. The time comes when he gets into a solicitor's office; indulges in maturer love-makings; begins to rise in the world and drift away from his own people and become ashamed of his origin. He studies hard, makes headway in his profession, is at length called to the bar and, turning his attention to politics, is elected to Parliament, marries, and ought to have been happy but is still fretted by a feeling that he is a pariah; that his wife and children belong by birth to a class above him; that he is alien to the world in which he has achieved distinction. Always the barber-strain taints his blood, and he moves lonely and out of place among the good society into which he has climbed. His story is full of incident and variety, but they are the incident and variety of actual life, and it is this that gives it its compelling interest and charm. The weaknesses of Harry Weaver are common, human weaknesses; even in his pitiful snobbery, and self-distrust he is akin to the majority of us; and the best and the worst of him are portrayed with a shrewd humour, an understanding and a quick sense of the pathos of mortal things that win your sympathy for this unheroic hero and hold you unflaggingly interested in his doings. "Harry the Cockney" is a book of unusual insight and power; the art of Defoe could not have handled ordinary lives with a more intimate subtlety or have made them more vividly real to us, more intensely alive.

THE STORY OF STEPHEN COMPTON. By J. E. Patterson. 6s. (Heinemann.)

In his new novel, "The Story of Stephen Compton," Mr. J. E. Patterson shows an advance of importance in his art. He began by aiming at producing an impression of power, and in such novels as "Fishers of the Sea," he certainly succeeded in his aim. But the undoubted power of his writing was purchased at the expense of other qualities which are more valuable in literature. He resembled those sculptors of the sixteenth century who sacrificed everything to the effect of strength, and in search of an impression of elemental force exaggerated the muscular lines of all their figures. He saw life in a kind of white intensity, from which was absent the sweetening, individualising play of the softer lights and shadows of human existence. There was a lack of flexibility and variety in his way of writing. It is here that "The Story of Stephen Compton" marks a development in his art. The opening chapters of this political romance are as strong as anything that Mr. Patterson has written. Some persons indeed may find them too violently frank: for they depict with a sort of savage indignation the most unpleasant side of character of the hero's very unpleasant brother. In one way Mr. Patterson is a writer of the realistic school, for he resolutely paints the entire life of his characters. Stephen and his brother are portrayed with a daring intimacy that makes them uncommonly lifelike: they are slum children in a Lancashire spinning town, and nothing is omitted in the picture of the misery and foulness of their early circumstances. But on this foundation of realism, Mr. Patterson builds a fine, thoughtful study of the nobler forces obscurely working in our industrial civilization. They become incarnate in the manlier of the two boys, Stephen, who is merely strengthened and tempered by the adverse conditions of his life. He becomes a socialist of the revolutionary school and the

Mrs. Annie O. Tibbits.
Frontispiece portrait from "At What Sacrifice?" (Digby, Long & Co.).

firebrand of Lancashire, and he loses the girl he loves rather than give up his career as an agitator. By sheer ability he wins sufficient money at last to enter political life, and growing aware of the practical value of a cultivated mind, he goes into the world of society in order to "acquire the weapons of the enemy." It is this part of Mr. Patterson's work that delighted the present reviewer. It is brilliant, varied and lightened with touches of humour and wit: a throng of diverse characters is brought upon the scene and handled easily and naturally; and in a quiet, subtle way the development of Stephen's character is portrayed without any apparent effort to portray it. One merely sees him grow up. On arriving at his full stature he becomes a political force of a reconciling kind: for, while acquiring the weapons of the enemy, he learns also to appreciate what is valid in their point of view. So when he is made Prime Minister, with an overwhelming majority of reformers inspired and directed by him, he is able to reorganise the life of the country in such a way as to please both labour and capital.

AT WHAT SACRIFICE? By Annie O. Tibbits. 6s. (Digby, Long & Co.)

This is the story of two great mistakes which shadow the career of a young girl named Effie Gale-Carew. From a life of perfect happiness and ease she is suddenly engulfed in trouble and misery through her own misunderstanding, her own folly of jumping too quickly to a wrong conclusion. She is the spoiled and dearly loved daughter of a wealthy widower, disliked by her step-brother, who feels she has usurped his place in his father's house, and hated by that brother's wife. It is these two, scheming together, who deepen Effie's misery at length to despair. The story begins on the brilliant morning of a spring day, as fresh and as sunny as Effie's own existence—then, all at once Effie's world becomes steeped in gloom, she is brought face to face with death, mystery, and a suspicion so horrible, so unbearable, that she runs away from it all; away from the old home and the man she has loved, and is lost alike to those who loved and hated her for six long years. At the end of that weary period her lover meets her again, but she is so changed by the suffering she has endured that he scarcely recognises her. And there is more pain and unhappiness for them both before they come together at last, through tragedy and darkness, to the end that is really a beginning. It is a well-planned, dramatic novel, and many exciting incidents are skilfully introduced into its cleverly constructed plot.

CHESS FOR A STAKE. By Harold Vollings. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

This is the novel of a thoroughly competent writer who succeeds entirely in his aim. It is quite interesting; as the name suggests, it has a somewhat complicated plot, there are two love stories which run along side by side, but often cross each other, and the plot is carefully worked out in every detail. The mothers of the heroines are both worldly women, determined that their daughters shall make good matches, but the one mother has a real affection, and from the very beginning we expect her to give way, the other is a selfish hypochondriac who loves no one, and only cares for herself. One love story runs smoothly; as no third person intervenes, the two lovers simply have to wait events, which they do in full confidence, and with even a reasonable amount of patience and content. The chief character—the villain of the piece—is Jago Polwhele who hesitates at no villainy, but is sincere in his love. There is a hitch in Jago's love, and he wreaks his vengeance on the nephew of his rival, who is a boy in the school in which he is a master. The school story here introduced has an important part in the plot; it is almost too harrowing, but is the most powerful part of the book. The headmaster is unscrupulous, but has a certain strength of character, and the author wishes to get some sympathy for him. Jago, by a bold callous stroke, wins all along the line, his victory is short-lived, and ultimately he has to disappear; the selfish mother is put aside, and the book ends with two happy marriages.

ST. QUIN. By Dion Clayton Calthrop. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

The "Elfin Spirit" is the title of a chapter in this entrancing story, and from cover to cover the elfin spirit dances and wantons in Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop's inimitably light and airy manner. Teddy St. Quin belongs to an ultra-respectable, aristocratic family whose lives are "almost public property." On reaching the age of twenty-one, however, Teddy learns that a sympathetic ancestor has left a legacy which enables the St. Quins to have five years of Bohemian freedom before settling down to the life respectable. Here, then, is the opportunity for some novel adventures abroad, and Teddy returns from the Continent poor in pocket but rich in experience. He marries, as a respectable St. Quin should marry, the bride of course being his parents' choice. But there is a vein of romance in Teddy which his wife cannot satisfy, and it finds its outlet in all sorts of queer ways. For example, chancing to alight upon a delightful early-Georgian house in Chiswick, he decides to furnish it in Georgian style and provides servants to attend him in the picturesque dress of the period. With the engagement of the butler, the cook, and "the young person," all most entertaining characters, everything is ready for the romantic advent of Pamela, the Georgian mistress of this unique household. The manner in which Teddy St. Quin indulges his whim is quite in Mr. Calthrop's best vein. "St. Quin" is just the kind of story to bewitch the reader who delights in the lightest of light fantasy.

THE KING'S MASTER. By Olive Lethbridge and John de Stourton. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

King Henry VIII. is growing tired of Anne Boleyn; he has, in fact, already fallen in love with Lady Jane Seymour. The only thing that troubles him is the method he shall employ for the disposal of his wife. If you remember your history you will recollect that this was where Thomas Cromwell came in useful, and these three, with Sir Henry Norreys, the Queen's devoted admirer—we had almost

written lover—are the principal characters of this breezy and well-manufactured story with its tragical climax. The figure of the wire-puller, Thomas Cromwell, who supplies the book with its title, is particularly well drawn, and the authors are careful not to allow the reader's attention to wander. In dramatic interest and in its workmanlike manner of telling "The King's Master" is not the least effective of the many novels which deal with a period of which it is pleasanter to read about than it was to live in.

SIRI RAM: REVOLUTIONIST. 6s. net. (Constable.)

It would be difficult to praise too highly this really admirable exposition of the discontent in India and its causes. All the dramatis personæ of the tragedy are portrayed with life-like effect, and the background is startling in the breadth of its conception and the beauty of its realisation. First there is the poor village youth struggling through an education not in the least adapted to his modes of thought. Upon him and his discontent works with lightning effect the trained eloquence of the ascetic, the much travelled prophet of the Arya Samaj, who has seen the superficial elements of our civilisation at every point and found it wanting because its real strength has been hidden from his eyes. His selflessness, his devotion to an ideal, his exquisite culture, a culture as refined in its way as that of a University Fellow of the best type, are described with masterly skill and most sympathetic insight. On the other side is sketched with mortifying vividness the paltry life of many Anglo-Indian women, their despicable bridge squabbles; but there is also sketched with something of epic sublimity the heroic struggle of those men who take up the white man's burden with willing, strong, resourceful hands, and fight the cholera as it rages in an Indian village. The picture of this village, where everything is drab-coloured, where everything betokens "the Hindu's perpetual instinct of segregation, fear, suspicion, distrust of his neighbour, shrinking into himself," is a perfect masterpiece. From this Dantesque scene we are suddenly taken to very different country, as we follow the Hindu youth on his journey through Kashmir to the cave of the ascetic. Drabness gives place to a fairyland of silver birches, flowers, bees and butterflies, with the ascetic sitting in the middle of it all and despising it all. And along the road tramp, and by the side of the road squat, such a variety of queer types as not even "Kim" presents us with. Whoever would understand not merely the agitation in India, but normal India, and the never-ending never-changing fascination of the East should read this extraordinary book, written by one who speaks from the fulness of his knowledge, a book chronicling that great struggle between the incarnation of speculative thought and the incarnation of practical efficiency.

THE FOOL IN CHRIST. By Gerhart Hauptmann. 6s. (Methuen.)

This is a haunting piece of work. In a romantic setting of the mountainous country separating Silesia from Bohemia there wanders a poor carpenter's son. Devoted from an early age to the study of the Scriptures he conceives himself at last to have received a special gift of the Divine Spirit. Cursed by a drunken stepfather, scorned by his little world, his religion naturally takes on a strong Manichæan tinge. Though the Bible has filled him with a really divine love and compassion for his fellow-creatures, especially for those who have been wounded in life's battle, for the world in general, society, man's environment, he has the strongest aversion. In fancied imitation of the Carpenter's Son of Nazareth he refuses to touch money. Trust in his own unaided intelligence also misleads him into denouncing prayer, miracles, finally the Bible itself. "He sought not God with the understanding, but with love," as his creator sums him up. Loose ambiguity of phrase and the usual devotion of untaught intelligences to wholesale quotation from the Bible leads his followers hopelessly astray, until their one idea is the millennium, and that idea in its turn becomes daily grosser and more materialistic. The first part of the book inclines one to the belief that Hauptmann seriously set out to portray a man living "in Christ." That belief becomes untenable when the man declares himself to be greater than St. Peter. There is no doubt still "a pure serious sacred attempt" on the carpenter's part to accomplish his mission, but the attempt fails, and we are left in doubt as to Hauptmann's purpose. The book, however, is worth reading for other reasons, worth reading as the portrait of a thoroughly honest if "foolish" man, who surrenders everything to follow his ideal. His exquisite patience and tenderness in the terrible scenes enacted in the Schuberts' mountain hovel, his conquest of the hideously repulsive smuggler, his beautiful way with the old woman in the smuggler's hut, who chaunts sublimely: "My little shirt is sewed, My little bed is made, Come, oh, come, thou last eternal night"; his joyful suffering of wounds—all these things endear the man to us more than his theology repels. And his excessive mildness and meekness, adopted in wilful or unconscious oblivion of the lesson taught by the scourge of small cords that drove out the money changers from the Temple courts, stands out in strong contrast with the muscularity of his supporter, Bohemian Joe, who throws two persecutors into "a deepish frog pond." As a background to this lovable man's life there is the grinding poverty of the weavers, who see everywhere round them "destructive powers crouching like beasts of prey," and eagerly grasp at the spiritual comfort afforded by the carpenter.

RED HARVEST. By Newman Flower. 6s. (Cassell.)

"Red Harvest" is a vigorous, frankly-melodramatic novel drawing its life-blood from that network of conspiracy and secret diplomacy which culminated in the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga of Servia. It is a first novel, and Mr. Newman Flower has used his wide experience as editor of more than one popular magazine, and has filled every chapter with the fire of adventure and the smoke of deepening mystery. The story opens with the announcement that the unexpected birth of a child has robbed Paul Cazalet, the promising political journalist, of an inheritance worth a quarter of a million sterling. The shock stuns Paul, and he flings himself madly into the first desperate venture which offers—a mission of intrigue in Servia. By appointment he meets in the dead of night an Austrian Count on his yacht in Dover Harbour, and, as luck will have it, the Count is shot dead in the cabin under his very eyes by a mysterious woman whose escape leaves Paul in a very unenviable position. London, Paris, and Belgrade lend each a distinctive atmosphere and glamour to this ably written and thrilling story. Mr. Newman Flower knows his public, and it is safe to say that after reading "Red Harvest" the public will want to know more of Mr. Newman Flower as a novelist.

The Bookman's Table.

VERSES AND REVERSES. By Wilfrid Meynell. 1s. net. (Herbert & Daniel.)

In a quaint prefatory apology for his title, Mr. Meynell says "these little Verses are, in truth, all Reverses: first thoughts that refuse to obey marching orders, runaways from the right line of formation. I can marshal them into print only under friendly cover of this old manner of label." Howbeit, one feels that this would be a delightful world if all the reverses we have to meet in it were as pleasant as these. Even the slightest of them has its own curious charm; some characteristic sparkle of humour, some touch of fancy or wistful thought to give it grace and distinctiveness; and such as the lines to "Christina Rossetti," as "The Welcome," "The Climber in the Cot," "To One who hastened Heavenward," are fine poetry, and perhaps the finer for the casual, unpremeditated air and manner of

them. One cannot quote any one example as fairly representative; the book is so compact of whimsicality and seriousness, of light epigram, large humanity and deep religious feeling; but "To Her: At Pisa," comes as near as any to the average tone of it:

"Thou finished Tower of Womanhood,
Rooted and fast in Nature's good,
Yet reaching, flower-like, to the skies:
The first to catch the sun—his rise;
And, when the day's for others done,
The last to lose the lingering sun.

Thy walls all treasuries enfold
Within their ivory and gold;
Thou can'st withstand the straitest siege,
Nor askest aid from this thy liege;
Alone thou risest in thy power:
Yet be towards me a Leaning Tower."

A SHORT HISTORY OF GERMANY TO THE PRESENT DAY. By A. W. Holland. 6d. net. (British German Friendship Society.)

In this admirable and useful little book the author's aim is two-fold. First, to give the general reader as comprehensive an idea as possible of the German Empire; and secondly, to establish a better relationship between Germany and England. In the first the author is entirely successful and within the space of less than a hundred and fifty pages he presents a picture of the German Empire from the troubled times of Arminius down to the highly successful and progressive Germany of the Emperor William. Mr. Holland presents his facts with a terseness and clarity that are beyond praise, and while the book is mainly a "history" it is a history that explains itself and leaves nothing to the imagination—the besetting sin of the educational text book. For example, when Mr. Holland discusses the ramifications of the *Reichstag* and the *Bundesrath*, he gives us at the same time a clear and concise idea of the Imperial Parliament. It is of interest to note that the author holds the same ideas with regard to international politics as Mr. Norman Angell, but Mr. Holland summarises the whole matter in a couple of terse pages. We should like to see a new and enlarged edition of this admirable little book, in view of which we would submit that the author might enlarge to advantage and give as much space to German art and letters as he has given to trade and politics. The book is provided with an excellent bibliography.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. A. W. Holland.**

THE GREEN FIELDS. By Kenneth Hare. 1s. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Though there is perhaps no living poet whom we can with absolute assurance place among the immortals, the art of poetry, viewed as a whole, is in a more hopeful condition than it has been for many a day. That the nineteenth century produced a series of matchless poets is undeniable; but during its magnificent progress a gulf gradually widened between poetry and life. Accomplished sterility was the inevitable result. Now, however, the art has opened its arms once more to the whole of life, and a quickening fire has run through all its members. We see this in the work of Mr. Masefield, of Mr. Davies and others. We see it unmistakably, if in little, in the slim output of Mr. Kenneth Hare. "The Green Fields" is a delightful book. In dedicating it to Sir Walter Raleigh (who sustains so worthily a name of almost intolerable honour) Mr. Hare at once betrays his predilections. His green fields are those where Corinna went a-maying. He writes with the Elizabethan zest, the Elizabethan love of birds and flowers, of fairies and mortal maidens; with no little, moreover, of the right Elizabethan lilt. There are pieces, too, which recall the Greek Anthology in their economy and precision; and epigrams of an eighteenth century polish. Not that Mr. Hare is derivative: he is an authentic poet, and frankly proud of the fact, writing:—

We that have thought and paper
Seek no man to give,
Content with the God's gift in us
And the thought that shall live.
And we hold these things are princely
Beyond eclipse,
And above fraud, trade, and cunning,
Spilt blood and ships.

But he is in the finest tradition to which an English poet can belong, at once classical and national. His work is slight so far (Herrick's was always), and it is possible that he will one day sound deeper depths. His present note, however, is good enough for us; at once fairy and humane, gay, but not altogether preoccupied with gaiety, full of a sense of gentle and delicate and beautiful things, best summed up in his own haunting couplet:

Not to the man-at-arms or mariner,
I drink the merry long-haired lute-player.

UNSEEN FRIENDS. By Mrs. William O'Brien. 6s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

These are friends in the past who have meant more to Mrs. O'Brien than any she has met in everyday life, though in the social sphere she is evidently a gentle and sympathetic spirit. They include Mrs. Oliphant, Charlotte Brontë, Jean Ingelow, Eugénie de Guérin, Christina Rossetti, and certain foundresses and members of religious orders. They have become part of her own life, and she writes of them with the kindly and interested detail she might employ in writing of intimate friends to other intimate and mutual friends. She loves byways as well as highways. That the reader is likely to know much or aught of the immediate theme she does not apparently consider; she tells all she knows, as if it were an entirely new story. How frankly and feelingly she has identified herself with Irish country ways, and her husband's people, is notable.

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From "Edouard Manet" (Heinemann).

is a model in the art of concise writing. In the shortest possible space it contrives to give a sparkling outline portrait of Edouard Manet himself, an excellent *résumé* of the character of his art, and a good deal of what contemporary critics thought about it. In regard to the latter, one is apt in the fuller biographies to miss the real reason of the public's quarrel with Manet. M. Hourticq sums up this as his "bold inconstancy"; that is to say, he was always changing, always progressing from one audacity to a fresh one, without giving his public time to digest the last. It was this characteristic rather than any innate and fixed quality in his work that aroused resentment. As a matter of fact, M. Hourticq doubts, and we share the doubt, whether Manet knew "exactly the new kind of painting that he was trying to substitute for the old." The only certain thing is that he strove to paint objects in open daylight instead of in the manipulated light of the studio—to model indeed, but to model without light shadows. He "unhesitatingly sacrificed all the finesse of modelling in order to be able to see and to render absolute contrasts." The result was a certain garishness that startled and dismayed a public already sufficiently disturbed by conflicting art-currents. Manet's persistence in experiment against the opposition even of quondam friends makes one of the most remarkable stories in the history of painting. Had he been less of a fighter, he must surely have compromised with his enemies; as it was, he fought them to the day of his death. Reverses and derision meant, not starvation—he was provided against that—but unrelieved embitterment of spirit. Indeed, had it been money that he wanted, he might at any rate have had the consolation of knowing, as several of our modern painters have come to know, that there is money in being misunderstood by a sufficient number of people for a sufficiently long time. His relationship to the Impressionists, which is a good deal more distant than hasty critics would have it, is lightly touched upon by M. Hourticq whose general estimate of the painter is refreshingly impartial. The illustrations are well chosen and there is a short but useful bibliography.

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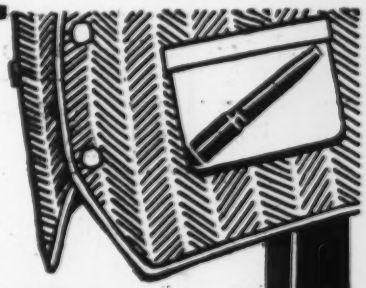

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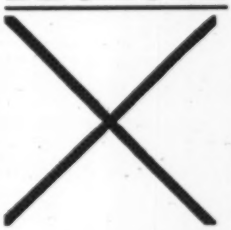

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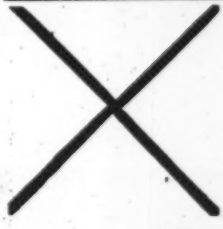

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